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THE MAGNET

E. KNAPP



November, 1911

PUBLISHED
BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
LEOMINSTER HIGH SCHOOL

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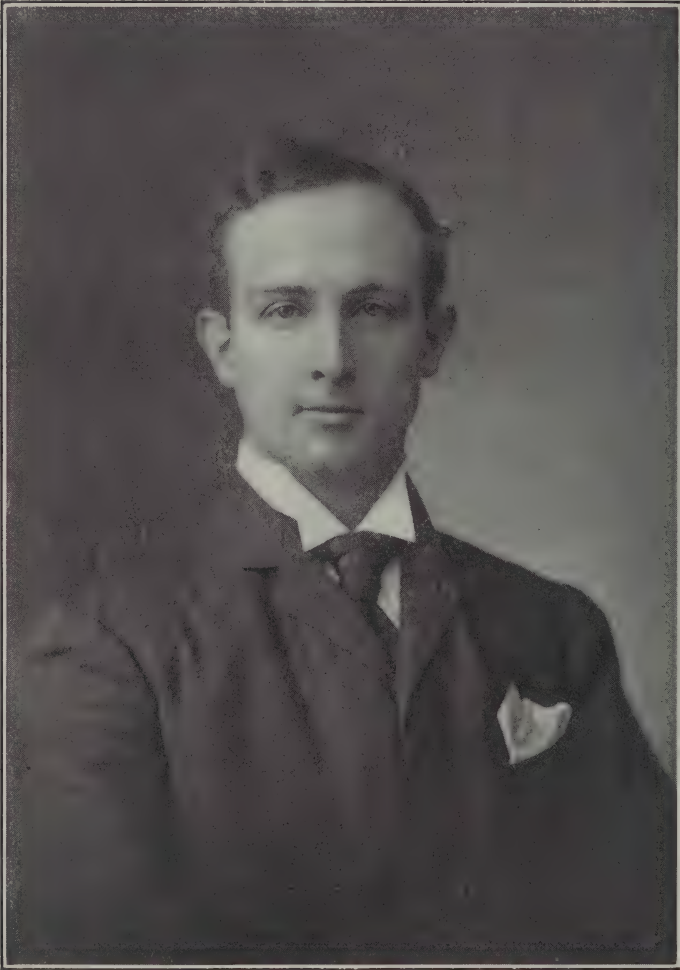
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OUR PRINCIPAL

THE MAGNET

Vol. V. LEOMINSTER, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1911. No. 1

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, RUTH M. TISDALE, '12.
Business Manager, HOWARD D. CORKUM, '12.
Assistant Business Manager, LEROY VINAL, '13.
Exchange Editor, OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.
Athletics' Editor, PETER R. KNAPP, '13.
Jokes' Editor, C. LLOYD JOBES, '12.
School Notes' Editor, ESTHER W. MAYO.
Alumni Notes' Editor, ARTHUR HOUDE, '13.

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EDITORIALS

THIS month we have obtained for the frontispiece the picture of our new principal whom we welcomed to our school last September. Mr. Clarke graduated from Williams College in 1902, and came from Milford, Mass., where he was held in great respect, to assume the responsibility of our splendid High School. His geniality, thoughtfulness, and tact are greatly appreciated by the students and the faculty. The interest he takes in every branch of our school life is recognized and highly valued. We feel that he is one with us in our work and play.

THE editorial staff has been placed on a different basis this year, and the same plan will be carried out hereafter. Five students from the Senior class and three from the Junior class comprise the board. At the close of the year we will select three more students from the coming Senior class added to the two previously chosen, and two from the coming Junior class to succeed us as the editors of THE MAGNET.

These editors will be chosen with reference to the amount and quality of the work they contribute *this year* to THE MAGNET. All material which we accept cannot, of course, be printed. However, a record will be kept of everything received, and the material will be rated accordingly as the board thinks it deserves. Do not be discouraged, therefore, if you do not see your story or essay in print, but bear in mind that you are getting full credit for it, and that you may be the lucky one to be chosen for the board next year.

Nevertheless, students, do not let competition be your only incentive to write, for surely you must realize that the success or failure of THE MAGNET depends upon *your* attitude toward it. Since we have a school paper, most assuredly we want it to be a credit to our school. If each one does his part that is all that is necessary.

This year there are no room editors, so *each one* should feel it his duty to jot down anything funny that happens in any class which he may attend, and pass it immediately to the School Note Editor. In this way all classes will be represented in School Notes, and certainly you do not want *your* class to be passed by as dull and stupid. Also, where are the poets of the school? Indeed, there must be others beside the Seniors who have contributed this month. Brace up, lower-classmen, and write some poems, or limericks at least.

Moreover, we need every student's support financially. All who can, should subscribe for THE MAGNET. Do this, scholars, not only to help the paper, but also for the pleasure of reading it now and in the time to come when you will look back on your High School life as a thing of the past. Alumni, you, too, should want THE MAGNET, for it links you still to Leominster High.

RUTH M. TISDALE, '12.

The Excuse that Accused

JACK EMERSON groaned as he piled his books together for the day's recitations. Bob Walker, his chum, looked up from his geometry book to ask absently, "What's the matter, Jack?"

"Matter?" Jack grunted woefully. "Matter enough. Isn't that essay on the 'Future of our Country' due today? What do I know about the future? I'm not a prophet."

"Calm yourself, child," answered Bob, consolingly. "You've written something, haven't you?"

"Something!" Jack exclaimed scornfully. "Not a line. Didn't I go to the game yesterday? Don't ask me why I didn't write it before. I just couldn't be bothered. What are three days, anyway, for a fellow to turn into a prophet? I tell you, I'm sick of the whole business."

"There, sonny, don't get so desperate; can't you give some excuse? Say you were sick."

"Can't. Didn't old Diggs see me at the game yesterday, as chipper as could be?"

"Called out of town, sudden death in the family, an attack of heart failure." Bob reeled off the excuses like the veteran he was.

"Oh! dry up," growled Jack, thanklessly. "I tell you none of those will do. He'd see through them in a minute. I might as well go and face the music now, for all I can see," and picking up his books he started for the door.

"So long, old fellow," cried Bob, "if it's any consolation to you, I'll promise to be chief mourner at the funeral." A book which sailed by, narrowly missing his head, was the only answer Bob received as the door banged viciously behind his chum.

Jack made his way over to the literature room in an unhappy frame of mind. The essay was an important part of the year's work, and he knew none but a good excuse would be accepted. "Jove," he muttered to himself hopefully, "I'll do it. Diggs hasn't seen me for three days except for that glimpse at the game, and he'll never catch on," and he rushed back to his room, seriously disturbing Bob, who had just reached a solution to his problem.

"For heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "what in the deuce ails you now? I thought you'd be cremated by this time."

"Oh! no, what you giving us, you can't kill me." Jack made this cheerful reply while busily pulling the sheet off the bed.

"What in the name of thunder are you going to do with that sheet? Make yourself a shroud? Why, Jackie lad, you're too old for white. A black shroud is more appropriate for a man of your mature years."

"Sure, and it's not me shroud I'd be afther making, Bobbie, me lad; it's a bandage, me one salvation," saying which Jack tore a long strip from

the sheet and flourished it over his head dramatically. "Now," he continued, "make yourself useful, little one, and wind my wrist up in a professional manner. Naw, not my left one. What good would that do? Sure, an' it's me right wrist I sprained last Wednesday, and it's very painful."

Bob grinned appreciatively. "Didn't you say Diggs saw you at the game? Won't he catch on?"

"Nope," replied Jack, "he didn't see me enough for that. He just got a glimpse of me, but enough to know I was there, plague it all. There, that's a real swell bandage. Thank you, fellow. Say, how in the dickens do you hold a sprained wrist, anyway?" And Jack held it rigidly before him.

"Naw, that'll never do," cried Bob. "Do it like this," illustrating with his own wrist.

After a little practice, Jack again started for the literature room. Upon reaching it he knocked boldly on the door. A rather pleasant voice answered, "Come in," and Jack stalked in to learn his fate.

"Good morning, Emerson. What can I do for you this morning?"

"Good morning, Mr. Diggs. I called to tell you that I have been unable to write that essay, and would like a week longer for it."

"A week longer!" exclaimed the professor, in surprise, "What is your reason?"

"Well, you see sir, I sprained my wrist last Wednesday, and it's pretty painful. I haven't been able to write a thing."

"Why, if that's the case, certainly, Emerson. You may have until next Wednesday, but I will expect an extra good essay then."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Good morning, sir," and Jack stumbled out of the room.

"Gee! That was easy," he muttered to himself. Outside the building he met Bob.

"Well, old fellow, how did it go," the latter exclaimed eagerly.

"Great," exclaimed Jack, and seizing Bob's hand he pumped it energetically up and down. At that moment Bob glanced up and saw Mr. Diggs watching them quizzically.

"Good morning, Walker," he said. "Well, Emerson, your wrist healed rapidly. I should like to know the name of the doctor you employed. By the way, step inside. I'd like a little private conversation with you."

Jack cast one despairing glance at his friend, who was bent double with laughter. The result of Jack's interview was that he had the original theme to write, and also a much longer and harder one in addition. As he said, he didn't mind anything except the fact that he would get credit for neither. He never again suffered with a sprained wrist, but it was some time before the anxious queries regarding this one ceased.

OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

The Challenge

ALICE VINING was the most popular girl in Queenstown, and president of the Alethea Girls' Club, the principal club in town. Her rival for popularity was Ruth Burton, the daughter of a very rich man. Although Alice's father was a well-to-do business man, she could not enjoy as many luxuries as Ruth. Ruth was nearly as popular as Alice. She was, however, an only child, and had her own way in almost anything.

It chanced that Ruth and Alice met at a party given by the Aletheas, and she perceived that Alice was receiving a great deal of attention. At this Ruth called Alice to one side and challenged her to a horseback race. The condition which Ruth made was that the loser should resign from whatever office she held in the club, and not attend a party for three months.

Alice accepted the challenge. They then agreed that the race should take place the following Saturday. The girls were to start from the Alethea Girls' Club House, and ride to the inn at Leicester, the next town, then back to the Club House again, a distance of ten miles.

When Alice arrived at her home, it was so late that she decided to wait until the next morning before telling her father. The next morning at breakfast she said, "Daddy, dear, Ruth Burton challenged me to race with her on horseback tomorrow. On the impulse of the moment, I accepted the challenge."

Her father nodded and asked, "At what time will the race start, and what is the distance you are to ride?"

Alice then explained the conditions and circumstances of the race. Her father answered her, "Well, Alice, you did just what I should have advised you to do in this particular instance. It would give me great pleasure to see the Burton girl's pride taken down. If you win this race tomorrow, I will give the best banquet that money can buy in Queenstown, to which you may invite your friends, including Ruth Burton, to show that no hard feelings exist."

Mr. Burton issued an announcement of the race, and so a great crowd was assembled at the Club House next morning to see the girls start.

Promptly at nine o'clock the two girls started, Alice mounted on her mare, Daisy, and Ruth on Firefly, one of the many thoroughbreds from her father's stable.

Just before the start, Alice shouted to Ruth, "I dare you to ride the first two miles through your father's meadow land!"

Ruth consented, and her horse, Firefly, being a thoroughbred, took the walls much easier than Daisy, who, though fearless, had never been ridden so hard before; consequently, when they came out on the highway again, Firefly was about one hundred yards in advance of Daisy.

Soon, however, Daisy, having the lighter weight, had overtaken Firefly,

and for about a mile the two horses were neck-to-neck. Then Ruth gave Firefly a loose rein, and she fairly flew over the ground. Alice, perceiving the folly of this, kept Daisy at a moderate pace. When she arrived at Leicester, she found that Ruth had passed by ten minutes before.

Only then did Alice let Daisy out a little. Then, as she rounded a bend in the road, she saw Ruth riding quite a distance ahead of her, but Firefly had slackened his rapid rate. Now it was only a matter of a few minutes before Alice would overtake Ruth.

Ruth urged Firefly on with all her strength, but soon the little horse dropped behind, and Alice could not resist the temptation to fling back at her rival, "We'll meet again soon." Then Alice rode along slowly, knowing that Firefly was so exhausted he could not overtake Daisy.

At about half-past ten, Alice rode up to the starting point amidst the applause of her loyal friends, the winner. When Ruth appeared, Alice ran out to her and told her to regard the conditions of the challenge as nothing. Thus the two rivals became firm friends.

ELEANOR MCGUIRE, '12.

Field Hockey as a Game for Girls

THE frail, incapable, hot-house-bred kind of a girl, if she ever really was, is no longer our ideal. We do not care to see weakness, whether in girl or boy, and we admire daring, courage, self-control, quite as much in a woman as in a man.

According to modern psychologists, any activity that requires use of a quality, develops that quality. Field hockey does demand a certain degree of these virtues, when it comes to dribbling a hockey ball down the field in the face of many adverse hockey sticks. That there are some knocks received, we do not deny. What we say is,—what of the knocks! It is the knocks and not the soft things of life that develop the qualities most worth while.

It is a sad, but true, fact that women everywhere show a lack of ability to co-operate. It is quite possible that this is due to her past social condition, to the fact that for centuries women have lived unto themselves in their individual homes, while men have been out in the world working with other men. While we have not made any great strides yet in this respect in our playing, we *have* improved, and we hope some day to give an exhibition of team work that will compare favorably with any boys' team.

DOROTHY CROSS.

First Sight of Carthage

(Virgil's *Æneid*. Book I.)

A Translation

Meanwhile they speed on the road there where the pathway directs them.
 Now they're ascending the hilltop projecting wide o'er the city,
 From whence he casts his eyes far down on the towers beneath him.
 Moved is Æneas at the buildings, formerly huts in a cluster;
 Moved he is at the gateways, the clamor of men, and the pavements.
 Tyrians push on the work, a part extending the ramparts,
 Build the citadel firmly, and with their hands roll up boulders:
 Part choose a place for the dwellings, marking it out with a furrow.
 Such is their toil as busies the bees through the flowery meadows
 When, at the coming of Summer, the old of the swarm are brought forward,
 As, when the honey is packed, and the cells are filled with sweet nectar
 After a column is made and the loads of the coming accepted,
 'Way from the hives they drive the drones, the recreant members;
 All the work is alive, and the honey with thyme is so fragrant.
 "Oh, how favored are you whose fortifications are rising."

RUTH TISDALE, '12.

Nutting-time

Many bright and sunny days
 Come in October's train,
 When we go away to the woods
 To gather nuts again.
 With stick in hand, the rustling leaves
 We gently push aside,
 And in a darksome cover find
 The nut that tried to hide.
 The frisky squirrels, too, are out,
 Eager to get their share.

They'd visit our half-filled baskets
 Did they only dare.
 There are many nuts at our High—
 The hardest kind to crack,
 But we'll gather every one we can
 To store in Memory's sack.
 We will garner for the future,
 Our toil will be repaid,
 Within their dry, hard shells we find
 The finest kernels made.

MILDRED GOSS, '12.

Weather versus Chauffeur

THE enemy and friend combined of a chauffeur is the weather. Rain means trouble, and sun means pleasure. In short, rain brings mud which becomes plastered all over the machine, and the sun does not.

It had rained all day, and near evening the chauffeur was called out to take a party to ride. Mr. Chauffeur has nothing to say as to the advisability of such a ride, or as to a safe rate of speed to maintain. He must drive and speed as told, without a word, and take all blame for accidents.

The chauffeur came in later with the car all mud, and retired. The next morning he arose early, and finding it was a pleasant day washed the machine and shined the brass, a process which required three or four hours steady work. Now he was all ready to go out with a clean machine when he was summoned for the regular Sunday afternoon ride, Sunday being no excuse for a chauffeur to bring around a dirty car. His work done, and the weather pleasant, he thought he could enjoy himself for a week or more without going through the painful washing operation.

The afternoon was very pleasant, and riding was certainly delightful. In fact, they went so far they were fifty miles from home before they realized it. Then the sky clouded over and it began to pour. Mr. Chauffeur had to put up the top, and fasten the sides on. Then having the occupants of the car protected, it became his pleasant duty to get out in the pelting rain and put the chains on to prevent skidding. He was thoroughly soaked by that time, and had the prospects of a fifty mile ride over slippery roads, in wet clothes, with the ever present thought of scrubbing the machine when he did get home so that it would be all ready for "Madame" to go shopping in the morning.

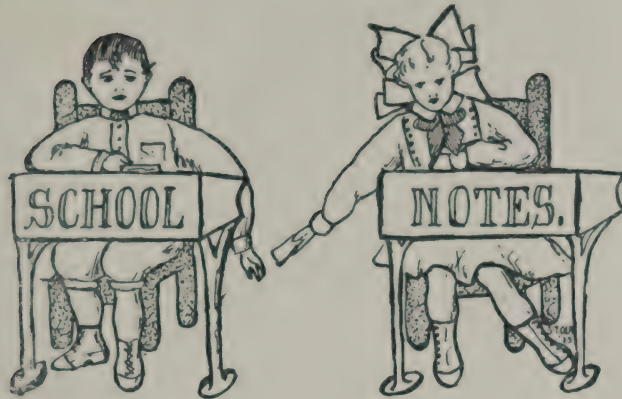
HERMON SAFFORD, '12.

1912

In L. H. S. there is a class
Which we all love full well;
As up and down the hall you pass,
You can each Senior tell.
There's Hermon, he who rules us all,
And his small sister Mildred;
How oft they linger in the hall,
As out by Esther they are led.
There's Ruth, who does the MAGNET run;
Our artist Peter Knapp;
The chiefest of the class in fun
Is Jobes, a funny chap.
Though not Darius, we have a Green,
And also Edmund Potter;

Both always look calm and serene,
And act quite good and proper.
Two are always causing worry,
By coming in so late,
Clara and Catherine in a hurry,
Are casting dice with Fate.
Corkum the business manager is,
And he works hard and long.
By Sublike ours the victory is
So we cheer him with a song.
Nineteen twelve can boast full well
Of others as good as these;
Although their wonders we won't tell,
We might praise them with ease.

HELEN C. RICHARDSON, '12



On October 11th, the day before the football game with Fitchburg High School, Mr. Clarke very kindly gave the pupils part of the fifth period to practice the school cheers and songs. Remarks were made by Coach Lane, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Thompson.

Miss Cross has organized girls' hockey teams for the different classes, and games are to be played for the championship.

Jenna, '12, (translating) "Largo-que umectat flumine voltum."

"And he bathed his face in a large river."

JUNIOR FRENCH

Mr. M., '13 (translating) "Il paraît quelle a des cheveux rouges."

"It appears that she has two red horses."

We wish to extend a most hearty greeting to the teachers who are with us for their first year, and also to the teachers who have been here in previous years.

SENIOR FRENCH

Mr. S., (translating) Le paque bot était là fumant.

"The steamer was there smoking."

Miss C., '12, (translating) C'était de demander au purser quelle cabine occupait Monsieur F.

"This was to ask the pursuer which cabin Mr. F. occupied."

Mr. L., '12, (translating) Avec un-etou pie tournante sur la plante du pied gauche.

"With a top turning on the plant of the left foot."

Miss K. suggests that "palm of the left foot" would be better.

Ryan '13 (translating) Dico te venisse inter falcanios.

"I say that you came among the fickle makers."

For the benefit of the second period Music Class, I will say that Jobes, '12, is nothing but a human being, although, of course, he is a Senior.

Mr. Roberts (to R. Richardson '13, and Vinal '13). Come little boys; stop playing with each other's feet.



Stanard '13 to Mr. Roberts (during discussion of "Altitude and Temperature"). "Why can't they bake beans in Colorado?"



Wyman '15 takes great delight in curling his hair during afternoon sessions.



HEARD IN JUNIOR ANCIENT HISTORY.

Miss Pookes: Now who was it that had charge of the temple at Delphi?

Sweeney '13: The janitor, I suppose.



Miss Chard would suggest that Lloyd, '14, buy his drawing pencils by the dozen, as they are much cheaper that way.



HEARD IN JUNIOR FRENCH.

Miss Jackson: Now after what I've told you today, I do not think there should be any excuse for an unprepared lesson.

Edwards '13 (translating) Ni moi non plus). "Nor I, either."



Permission to read the newspapers is becoming a reward of merit in Room 19.



The Junior Class is planning to hold a Class Dance, Dec. 1. Information concerning this may be obtained from the class president, Arthur Houde.

JUNIOR LIBRARY OF BOOKS, CHARACTERS, AND INSECTS.

"House of Bondage," Room 19.

"The Keeper of the Gates,"
Miss Jackson

"Secretary of Frivolous Affairs,"
Pitcher, '13

"The Very Little Person," Quint, '13

"The Pride of the Rancho,"
Sweeney, '13

"Much Ado About Nothing,"
Pierce, '13

"The Heavenly Twins,"
Killelea, '13, Lawrence, '13

"Mutt and Jeff,"
Stannard, '13, Lundigen, '13

"Torchy," Horton, '13

"Will Honeycomb," Butman, '13

"Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,"
Blood, '13

"Daddy Long Legs," Houde, '13



Miss Brooks (reading) For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe, etc. Now what does that tell us about the Jews at this time?

Voice in the rear: They were suffer-
agettes.



Deep Wisdom—Swelled head.
Brain Fever—he's dead.

A Senior

Fair One—hopes fled.
Heart "busted"—he's dead.

A Junior

Played football—"nuff sed."
Neck broken—he's dead.

A Sophomore

Milk famine—'tis sad.
Starvation—he's dead.

A Freshman

Exchanges

We wish to extend a hearty welcome to all our Exchanges for the year 1911-'12. Owing to the many duties connected with the first few weeks of school, we did not publish an October number of our paper, but we hope to make up for this by the quality of the numbers to come. We invite criticism, we want it, we expect it, and we will return it when called for.

The Gazette (Lynn Classical High). Your cover design is excellent. Why not have a few more headings for your various departments? From your Class Notes we judge class spirit runs high amongst you. Is the school spirit as strong?

The Premier (Durfee High School, Fall River). The essay, "Some Advice for Freshmen," is excellent, but we would advise *all* classes to read it. Your idea of a Freshman number is a novel one and appears to be a success.

The Student's Review (Northampton High School). The arrangement of your paper might be improved. Don't jump from one subject to another and then back again.

Greylock Echo (Adams High). Your Commencement number is excellent. Having a Class Will is a good idea. Yours was certainly humorous.

The Recorder (Springfield High Schools). Your plan of dividing the publishing of your paper among the three High Schools is a good one. We wish you all possible success.

The Grotonian (Groton School). Your news is well arranged and interestingly told.

Other Exchanges received are *The College Signal* (M. C. A.) and *The Dartmouth*.

Totem (Lincoln High School, Seattle, Washington). Your cover design is excellent and very appropriate for the name of your paper. Your Exchange Department is excellent.

The Breccia (Deering High School, Portland, Maine). Why put your editorials in the back of the paper? Surely you are not ashamed of them? We would suggest that you put your editorial staff and editorials first. This is the usual order, and much more appropriate.

Orange and Black (Marlboro High School). Your Class Notes are interesting and well told. Why not have some cuts for your various departments?

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE MAGNET (Leominster Mass.). Your paper is very interesting, having a fine assortment of material.—*The Squamcook Ripple*.

Alumni Notes

The class of 1911 is making successful attempts for a higher education, and many have already secured excellent positions. We will be very thankful for any Alumni Notes, or letters from the Alumni.

The following are taking a course at Fitchburg Normal School: Florence Lundigen, Emma Rahm, Albert Tenney. Principal course, Alice Smith, Muriel Armstrong, Ruth Day, Mildred Howe, Rosina Jenna, Edwina Lawrence.

The following are taking a course of study at the Fitchburg Business College: Alice Bourbeau, Gladys Chapman, Alice Donnelly, Kathryn Harlow.

Margaret Munsie is attending Smith College.

Bertha Shapley is taking a course of study at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie.

Maxwell Sabin is studying at Cushing Academy.

Mabel Wright is employed as clerk at Town Clerk's Office.

Claire Kivlan is taking up the study of music.

David Sullivan is studying socialism.

Bernice Wheeler is employed as clerk at Nutter's Dry Goods Store.

Harold Killelea is employed at Dyer's Drug Store.

Frank Gaffney is employed at Pierson's Drug Store.

Daniel Duval and Louis Little are taking studies at Worcester Academy.

Robert Griffin is taking a course of study at Dartmouth College.

William Brazil is attending Burdette's Business College.

Harold Crain is taking studies at Poughkeepsie Business College.

Herbert Gregory is employed at the Richardson Piano Company.

Theodore Kloss is studying at Cushing Academy.

Grace Nicholson is attending Worcester Business College.

Lottie Oxley is employed at the Telephone Exchange.

Clare Spiller is employed as chauffeur.

Charles Sanders is taking a course at Kingston's Automobile School.

Russell Merriman is in the Insurance Business.

Chester Letters is employed for the Leominster Gas Co.

Nellie Lothrop is attending Mt. Holyoke College.

Bernice Skinner is employed with Wiley and Foss.

The following are taking a post graduate course at L. H. S.: Margaret Earl, Helen Woodbury, Grace Barron, Helena Pierson, Bernice Prouty, Maurice Smith, James Nicholson.

Margaret Lockey, L. H. S., 1907, has been elected President of the Senior Class of Smith College.



The football season is now in full swing, and from the present outlook the prospects for another championship team are very bright, although this year's team has been severely handicapped at the beginning of the season by the lack of a suitable coach to fill the position occupied last year by Mr. Watson. The team is now working hard making up for lost time under the direction of William Lane, the former Amherst star. Mr. Lane knows the game thoroughly, and is now busily engaged in trying to impart his knowledge to the players. It is evident that there has been a heap of work in developing this year's team, as only two of last year's regulars are left. How well Mr. Lane has succeeded in the task set for him may be judged from the results of the games played thus far.

It is sincerely hoped by all who are interested in this year's team that the combined efforts of the entire student-body with those of the squad will succeed in materializing our fondest hopes, namely, the clean and decisive defeat of our old rival, Fitchburg, and the winning of the championship of the Wachusett Interscholastic League.

At the first meeting of the Athletic Association a member of the faculty, Alberti Roberts, was elected manager, Peter R. Knapp, student manager, and Sidney Harris was elected assistant student manager.

L. H. S. 17

ST. JOHN'S H. S. 0

The first game of the season was played at home with the St. John's High School of Worcester, on Wednesday, Oct. 4.

Leominster had no difficulty in winning. St. John's was outplayed throughout the game.

L. H. S. 3

WORCESTER P. I. 0

The second game was played with the second team of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Saturday, Oct. 7. This team outweighed Leominster's considerably, but was defeated by the superior speed and knowledge of the game displayed by Leominster.

L. H. S. 9

F. H. S. 0

On Columbus Day, Fitchburg High's football team journeyed to Leominster followed by a large crowd of enthusiastic adherents.

The above score tells briefly the story which any believer in the superior skill of Leominster would take great pleasure in relating.

The game was strongly contested. Fitchburg made several good gains on foward passes and delayed passes, but were repeatedly held for downs when they attempted line bucking. The excitement was intense at all times. Some of the spectators were beginning to prophesy a tie game when, as Fitchburg attempted to duplicate another successful foward pass, Sweeney, Leominster's half back, sprang into the air, caught the ball and went racing down the field side stepping and dodging with the help of good interference the wearers of the red and gray. With rapid strides that outdistanced all the others he covered the necessary seventy-five yards and fell exhausted behind the goal. Garland kicked the goal. During the rest of the game Fitchburg was continually on the defensive. Leominster succeeded in carrying the ball down to Fitchburg's thirty yard line and attempted a field goal. Sweeney showed his accuracy by placing the ball between the upright. Every member on the team deserved credit for playing a good game.

L. H. S.

F. H. S.

Young, l e.....	r e, Beer
Houde, l t.....	r t, Twitchell
Hill, Rogers, l g.....	r g, Vose
Horton, c.....	c, Armstrong
Platt, r g.....	l g, Mannix
Bacon, r t.....	l t, Goodrich
Cleary, Jobes, r e.....	l e, Conlon
Barrett, q b.....	q b, Porter
Sweeney, l h b.....	r h b, Higgins
Garland, r h b.....	l h b, Desmond
Suhlke, f b.....	f b, Forgarty

L. H. S. 0

CLINTON H. S. 0

On Saturday, Oct. 28, Leominster's football squad went to Clinton followed by a large crowd of students and townspeople all anxious to see Leominster win the secoud game of the League. Although the team played well, it lacked the vim and snap displayed in some of the previous games. The ball was carried up and down the field without either side gaining any decisive advantage. The over zealousness displayed by some of the officials helped to keep the crowd in good humor until the game ended without either side being able to score.

L. H. S.

C. H. S.

Garland, l e.....	r e, Carboin
Houde, l t.....	r t, Sibley
Hill, l g.....	r g, Atherton
Cleary, c.....	c, Hayter
Platt, r g.....	l g, McCann
Bacon, r t.....	l t, Burbeck
Young, r e.....	l e, Wood
Barrett, q b.....	q b, Hamilton
Sweeney, l h b.....	r h b, Mahan
Horton, r h b.....	l h b, Tilter
Suhlke, f b.....	f b, Tierney



The cows are in the meadow.
The sheep are in the grass
But all the simple little geese
Are in the Freshmen Class.

Ex.

An Irishman got a job on one of the English railroads as a porter. Shortly after he began his duties, a woman stepped up to him and said:

"I have just lost the train. How long shall I have to wait for another one?"

"Be Jabers, ye'd better go find the one you lost, or else the company will be after yez," returned Pat.—*Ex.*

A fat lady boarded a car and, with more or less difficulty, edged a little, short Irishman out of his seat. He stood up in front of her, but could not reach the straps. Consequently, as the car rounded several sharp curves, he sat down rather violently on her lap. Finally, she could contain herself no longer, and wrathfully exclaimed, with no small amount of sarcasm: "Sir, I thought you were an Irishman."

He retorted: "Shure, and so did I, 'till now, but now I guess I'm a Laplander."

First Freshman (to teacher as the bell strikes)—What book shall I take with me now?

Second Freshman—Please fix my schedule, Miss Jackson; I have two study periods right after each other.

Third Freshman—Is Mr. Clarke's office in the basement?

Fourth Freshman—What's—her-name never told us when to study Latin.

Fifth Freshman—How much is lunch a day?

We have a crowd of little ones,
At the High School this year,
Who gaze at upper-classmen,
With mingled awe and fear.
To see them during recess,
A playing on the grass,
It wouldn't take a sage to guess
That they're the Freshman Class.

THIS IS NO JOKE.

When in your idle moments,
You have naught to do,
Write for the old MAGNET
A good class note or two.

Ex.

Teacher—What date did Columbus sail?

Bright Fresh—I don't know. I didn't go down-town that day.

Leominster High School Directory

School Committee—Dr. Appleton H. Pierce, Chairman; William Holden, Secretary and Auditor; Abby G. Boutelle, John M. Locky, Frank I. Pierson, Harry C. Bascom.

Superintendent of Schools—Thomas E. Thompson.

School Physicians—Dr. Appleton H. Pierce, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Principal—Edward R. Clarke, English and History.

Sub-master—Charles B. Lamb, Mathematics.

Assistants—Alberti Roberts, Science; Frank P. Bell, Commercial Branches; Geraldine Brooks, English; Helen A. Houghton, Commercial Branches; Elizabeth Jackson, French; Frances L. Locky, Latin; Anna M. Darby, German; Edna F. Cole; Margaret Chard, Drawing; Harry Leland, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Sewing; Marion McVey, Cooking; Ethel Thissell; Annie Conlon, Grade IX; Hattie D. Sherwin, Grade IX; Marea B. Lewis, Grade IX; Alvin W. Bearse, Grade IX.

Athletics

William Lane, Football Coach.

Alberti Roberts, Teacher, Manager of Football.

Peter Knapp, Student, Manager of Football. Sidney Harris, Assistant.

John Leheney, Manager of Basket-ball. Joseph Sweeney, Assistant.

Anna Darby, Teacher, Manager of Girls' Basket-ball. Alberta Lundigan, Assistant.

Sidney Bacon, Manager of Track Team. James McKenna, Assistant.

Edward Lynch, Manager of Baseball. Lester Horton, Assistant.

Class Officers

Senior—President, Hermon Safford.

Vice-president, Ruth Tisdale.

Secretary, Esther W. Mayo.

Treasurer, Mildred Safford.

Marshal, Peter Knapp.

Junior—President, Arthur Houde.

Vice-president, Abby Nicholson.

Secretary, Olga Lawrence.

Treasurer, Ruth Short.

Sophomore—President, Eugene Deady.

Vice-president, Irene Atkins.

Secretary, Aurora Kingman.

Treasurer, Harold Barrett.

Marshal, Hugh Bradley.

Freshman—President, Lincoln Jobes.

Vice-president, Erma Carter.

Secretary, Ruth Burnap.

Treasurer, Philip Foster.

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THE FOOTBALL SQUAD OF 1911

THE MAGNET

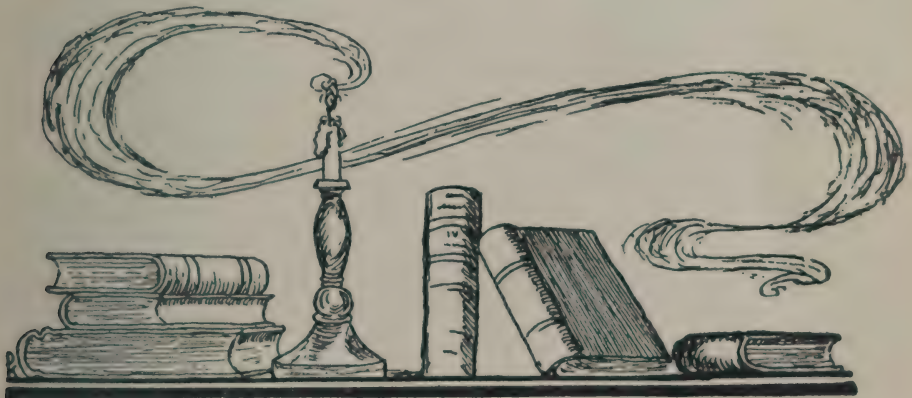
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EDITORIALS

THE editors greatly appreciate the endeavor of the students to produce new headings for the various departments of THE MAGNET. We have selected Peter Knapp's cover design, Marion Nicholson's drawing for School Notes and Alumni, and Marie Beland's heading for Exchanges. We wish to heartily thank the following for their interest and efforts: Irene McPherson, Earl Wellington, Aurora Kingman, Cora Simard, Eleanor Jenkins, Esther Hull, Laura Howe, Carl Rogers, and Forest Maston.

THE principal this year has restored the privilege of entering college on certificate to the students of Leominster High, a right which the school has had for some time, but which we have not received the full benefit of. This is a great advantage, and we should show our appreciation of it by keeping up our marks, and not allowing them to drop for even one quarter. Students of L. H. S., get your lessons first, then devote the rest of the time to your lesser duties, and to your amusements. The conditions under which this certificate will be granted to us are that Seniors must average eighty per cent. in each study, and Juniors eighty per cent. this year, and in their Senior year. This provision should not be difficult for those who intend to go to college to comply with, for they must know that nothing worth while can be obtained without some hard work. Don't let the certificate slip from your hands, Juniors and Seniors, through your own inefficiency. Sophomores and Freshmen, get into the habit of averaging eighty per cent., and then it will come easier to you when you are Juniors and Seniors.

RUTH TISDALE, '12.

THE Junior class of this year consists of sixty and some odd members, and the class treasury is not what one could call *overburdened* with cash. Now I am sure that if any member of the class of 1913 were told that he did not have the proper class spirit, he would be duly insulted. But how do the members show their class spirit? Why, the boys go out for football, and the girls for hockey, and try in this way to win laurels for their class. Or perhaps those who are not athletes write stories or poems for THE MAGNET. Very commendable, I am sure, but does it not show a *lack* of class spirit to refuse to pay your class dues? It seems to me it does, very decidedly. Therefore, wake up, 1913, and do not let it be said that our class is less loyal than Junior classes of previous years.

ETHEL M. PIERCE, '13.

AS the basket-ball season approaches, the question arises, "What kind of team will they have at the High School this year?" What answer shall be given? Shall it be said that Leominster will finish at the bottom of the list, or be a championship winner? The

outcome rests entirely with the student body of our school. There is enough material to make a championship winning team if the "material" will practice hard, and make an honest effort to come up to the required standard. An efficient coach will be obtained as soon as the basket-ball season opens. When the call is sent out for candidates, every one who has ever played the game and those who think they can make the team should come out and help to win the championship.

JOHN H. LEHENEY, '12.

Johnny Blaisdell's Christmas

JOHNNY BLAISDELL and his mother lived in the big city of New York in a tenement house in one of the poor districts. They were poor, and Mrs. Blaisdell had to work very hard to get a living. Johnny was a little shaver, eight years old. He attended the large grammar school of his neighborhood, where he was not always exempt from trouble. But Johnny was a good boy who was always willing to help his mother.

It was nearing Christmas, and Johnny kept looking wistfully into the store windows, which were plentifully supplied with drums, sleds, and toy machinery, any one of which he would have been glad to own, as he had none of these things. So one day, about a week before the holidays, Johnny ran to his mother and said to her as she was working: "Mamma, is Santa Claus coming to see us this year?"

"No, Johnny, dear, I don't think so, not this year, for Santa Claus doesn't stop at poor people's houses like ours."

"Oh, gee!" exclaimed Johnny, "I want a sled, ma."

"Well, I don't think you can have one this year, dear, but when you are older you can work and buy one. Now run along to school, or you'll be late!" So with a kiss from his mother, Johnny went down the stairs to the street, not very cheerfully to be sure, and started toward the school.

That afternoon while coming home from school Johnny thought it would be nice to go into Fifth Avenue, and look into the windows piled high with more and much finer toys than he had ever seen before. After peering through the plate-glass windows for half an hour, he started disconsolately for home. As it was so near Christmas, the streets were filled with traffic; express wagons stacked high with goods and presents; the sidewalks overflowing with hurried shoppers.

Suddenly, as Johnny was about to dart down an alley, he noticed a woman picking her way with difficulty across the street. Just as she neared

the curbing, a heavy wagon dashed by, forcing her to start quickly, and in doing so she dropped something. Johnny immediately made a dive for it, looking around for the woman, but she, apparently ignorant of her loss, had hurried on, leaving her pocketbook behind.

When he reached home, he ran to his mother and breathlessly exclaimed, "Oh, ma, look what I have found. A pocketbook."

"Here, let me see it," cried his mother. Then, opening the pocketbook, she found about seventy-five dollars.

"Gee," said Johnny, amazed that there was so much money in the world. "Santa Claus will come here now, won't he, mamma?"

Mrs. Blaisdell did not answer, for she was hunting for a card, and soon she found one bearing the name and address, Miss Grace Milton, 211 Madison Ave. Then the honest woman sent Johnny reluctantly back to Madison Avenue with the pocketbook. When Johnny arrived, the ring of the doorbell was answered by Miss Milton herself. He was so frightened at being there that he would have run off at once after he had delivered the pocketbook if she had not called him back. They entered the house, and soon Johnny's story was briefly told, who he was, and where he lived.

The night before Christmas, after Johnny had gone to bed, his mother heard the bell ring, and going to the door, she found an expressman. "Mrs. Blaisdell live here?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Blaisdell," she answered.

"Here's some express for you, then."

Mrs. Blaisdell, not knowing of any one who might send the express, said, "You're sure there's no mistake?"

"Yes'm, if you're Mrs. Blaisdell," and the expressman sat a large parcel inside the door.

The next morning when Johnny woke up he found a sled on one side of his little bed, a drum on the other side, and numerous other presents.

"Hey, ma, come here quick," he called. So his mother hurried in and joined in his happiness. After Johnny had handled the presents over many times, he looked up into his mother's face and said, "Say, ma, Santa Claus did come to poor folks like us this year, didn't he though!"

WILLIAM W. JENNA, '12.

Cicero Modernized

With Apologies to the Famous Orator

IS this light able to be pleasing to you, Florence, or the breeze of this sky, seeing that you know that there is no one of these who does not know that on the twenty-fourth of last October, during the presidency of William H. Taft, you stood up in the Latin class with your lesson unprepared, that you prepared a few lines of the review, for which you expected to be called, that no change of mind of yours or fear of Miss Lockey stood in the way of your success but fate in the form of the cards?

OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

A Commuter's Romance

IT was a close, sultry day in the early part of June. The passengers on the 5.07 train were all dressed for the warm weather. The breeze coming in through the open windows was very mild. All kinds of people rode on this train, for it was a favorite with the commuters who lived in the suburbs of Milton.

Near the door in the corner seat was a girl of perhaps eighteen. She was evidently a college girl, as she was absorbed in *Livy*, which surely is not the chosen reading of many girls of eighteen. She glanced up as the train stopped at a small suburban station, but immediately became absorbed in her work again.

A few people boarded the train, among whom was a fine looking fellow of the college athlete type. He gave a hasty glance at the corner seat, and then a gasp of surprise. The girl heard him and looked up, but either intentionally or unintentionally failed to recognize him.

The young man found a seat half way down the aisle, and soon took up a newspaper and began to read. Suddenly he rose and went to where she was seated. He said something in a low voice.

"Yes, it is final," she said.

The passengers near them became greatly interested, and more than one of us immediately began to weave a romance about them. Years before, of course, they had been to school together. He had graduated the year before her, and gone to college. After his graduation their friendship had gradually waned. Later, she had gone to college, and he was near her college working at his profession. His old interest in her revived, and we even went so far as to imagine that he had proposed, only to be refused by her. Of course, I surmised her answer just now, that it was final, was in reference to her persistent refusal. All this I imagined, with what I considered my superior wisdom regarding human affairs.

Just then I heard him say, "It's hard."

Well, I thought, by the time you have been through as much as I have, young man, you won't think it so hard to be refused by one young school girl. So with these thoughts, I watched my two fellow-travelers.

Almost immediately he leaned over, and took the small book from her hand, and began reading in a very earnest tone. The girl blushed, and murmured some sentence which I did not hear.

"Those are queer doings," I said to myself; "I guess the fellow is proposing by means of the book." Still I kept my eyes on them. Others in the car besides myself were watching them. She moved nearer to him, and began in a most fluent style to tell him something which must have been very pleasing and interesting. He kept his eyes fastened on her face, and a pleasant smile spread over his countenance.

Just then, the brakeman interrupted my observations, by calling the

name of the young man's station. He rose and shook hands with the girl. Then she said, loud enough for me to hear, "Oh, thank you ever so much for helping me with this awful Latin. You asked the questions as well as the professor; now I'm ready for that awful final. Good-bye."

At this I retired behind my paper, and said nothing. I thought many things. One of my thoughts was that I did not have such an insight into human nature as I had formerly prided myself upon.

HELEN C. RICHARDSON, '12.

A Storm on the Coast

THE water had been very calm during the preceding week, but when I woke that morning, a great storm was rising. The wind was already high, and I dressed hurriedly and went out. The rain was now coming down in torrents. From the top of the bluffs, as I looked off, I saw the sky was very black and angry, and the green water was surging in, in waves six feet high, and breaking upon the shore with a roar as of thunder, drowning out all other noises of wind and rain. The wind blew so that I could scarcely keep my footing.

I started down the bluffs to the beach to join my companions who had gathered there and who were barely visible through the sleets of water, vapor, and the foam of the waves. At every step I took, the wind blew fiercer, the sky grew blacker, and the rain poured down harder. As I reached the beach, I feared that I would be lifted off my feet and hurled into those great green waves.

There were about a dozen good boats anchored out about a quarter of a mile from land, and these were beginning to show the strain, and to drag their heavy stone anchors in toward the beach, and one after another were wrecked by being dashed ashore. Presently, about fifty men were on the beach to bring the shattered boats to a safe landing. The masts of several were broken, and one or two had holes in their sides.

Out a little farther was a big sail-boat with two powerful gas engines in it. This one, instead of drifting in, began to move seaward, and as time passed, it had gone out nearly a mile from land. No one could get out to do anything because the sea was so rough. At last we heard a faint chug-chug sound coming near, and we soon found that the life-savers from the life-saving-station were bringing it in. They had fixed its anchor, and we could see them coming nearer to the shore. Some of us set out then for the station to see the life-savers when they returned.

The storm was by no means letting up, and the waves continued to bellow and roar. We arrived at the station just in time, and the men said

that they never wanted to tackle such a sea again. They said that several times it seemed as if they would give up, but they kept on, and finally reached the shore, all very tired and exhausted.

We walked back to our cottage, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the wind died down. Upon the beach, where the tide went out, were drift-wood, sea-weed, lobster-pots, and shells. The angry sea continued to rumble all night and far into the next day.

MAURICE W. RICHARDSON, '14.

The Adventures of Mona Lisa

WELL, to begin with, I am quite old, as I was born, or rather created, at the end of the fifteenth century.

My creator, Leonardo De Vinci, spent four long years in making me, and it was said that even then he was not satisfied. However, I feel that I do not disgrace his name.

From the first I have been accustomed to admiration, perhaps to a little criticism also. Especially this criticism has been the case since I have been in Paris. Sometimes certain barbarians, called Americans, come and tell me that my smile is not sweet. Well, I can't help it. One can't smile sweetly all the time when one gets to be as old as I am.

Since I never associated much with the other pictures in my gallery, believing myself superior to them, I was leading a lonesome life. One night as I hung in my place smiling as usual, a blue-coated official, who took care of my gallery, came around. He stole about like a cat, and started so at every sound that he nearly put out the candle that he was holding. He came straight up to me and looked at me closely. Such scrutiny made me nervous, but I managed to smile on, the same as usual.

Suddenly the stairs creaked loudly. The man was frightened, and extinguishing the light, hid in a near by corner. When no one came, however, he got up again. This time he went out of the room into a long hall where the windows were lower down. I heard him unlock one of the windows, and put something on the window-sill. Then all was quiet, and I could hear only the tread of the watchman of our floor as he went his rounds.

While the blue-coated official was gone, I heard a very peculiar sound that was repeated several times. The watchman came and went, then it was repeated more times. Then I heard still more queer noises. At last the door to my room was unlocked, and two rough looking men entered, equipped with electric search-lights.

"Where is it?" one whispered gruffly.

"Don't know. We'll have to hunt for it," replied the other.

They hunted all over the room until they came to me. As soon as the

first one flashed his light upon me, he exclaimed quite loudly, "Here it is!"

"Shut up!" growled his companion. "Here comes the watchman."

He was right, for the watchman, hearing a suspicious noise, came to investigate. However, everything was so still that he decided it was his imagination, and went off. He was too tired to notice the open window. The men worked in earnest now, and after a while they managed to take me down. One of them stumbled over a chair, and that frightened them both. No one came, however, and after a while they carried me out into the hall.

Just then the watchman came around again, and the two thieves had another narrow escape. After he had gone, they took me out of the building; in fact, they dumped me on the ground with such a thud that I thought all my bones would crack. They put me into a wagon and carried me away.

Since then, I have been traveling far. I have not been able to find out what city I am in, but I expect that it is not a great distance from Paris. I do not like this life very well, and I want to go back to the Louvre where I can sit and smile at passersby.

LOUISE BURDETT, '15.

Boy Scouts in Leominster

A TROOP of Boy Scouts have been organized in this town, consisting of four patrols and about twenty-five scouts. These scouts are under the direction of Rev. F. J. Gauld, who is Scout Master. During last spring and summer Mr. Harold Burdett was the Scout Master, but later he resigned. Then Mr. Bowker, of Fitchburg, a man who has been with the scouts ever since they were organized, took charge of the scouts here.

The scouts of this town are mostly tenderfoots, while a few are second-class scouts. Nearly all have suits, which consist of a hat, shirt, coat, belt, trousers, putty's or leggings, and a haversack.

The scouts did not go camping this Summer, for several good reasons, but they probably will go next year. They have been for quite a few all day tramps, carried their dinners, and cooked them on fires built in the woods. They have learned a great deal about the haunts and habits of the different animals, and about the birds, their different songs, and where they build their nests.

ROLAND AMES, '16.

Teacher (of the English class): Johnny, please give the plural of tomato.
Johnny (very promptly): Ketchup!

The Petrified Biscuit

IT was in the year 1936. Two men were seated in a room; a brief description of one man seems necessary, but the appearance of the other we will let go unnoticed. The first man, who plays an important part in this story, was tall and thin. He was slightly stooped, and though he was not yet old, his hair was almost white as if he had undergone some great physical or mental suffering. His pale, gray eyes roved restlessly around the room and at last they came to a halt. Staring directly into the other man's face he asked abruptly, "Do you not wonder what caused this gray hair, and this appearance of nervousness which often comes over me?"

Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he told the following remarkable story: "Twenty-five years ago today, I celebrated my sixteenth birthday. At that time I attended the Leominster High School. On the morning under discussion I was walking to school, and when I approached the temple of learning, I heard the bell ring. Fearing that I would be late, I took a short cut across the lawn, which brought me directly under the cooking-room windows.

"Now comes the sad part of my story. One of the windows was partly open, and some thoughtless school-girl carelessly dropped a biscuit out of it (doubtless she was afraid to have it pass inspection). That biscuit hit me squarely on top of my head. From that time until three months ago my mind was a blank.

"Three months ago something snapped in my head, and my mind came back, like a long buried seed putting forth life. My numbed senses awoke to a far different scene than that which I had figured in so long ago; I was in a hospital. Of a nurse who hovered near, I asked the date.

"'August 12, 1936,' she calmly replied.

"'1936!' I cried in astonishment. 'Is Bryan still trying to be President?'

"'Bryan! Who is he? I never heard of him. As for his being President, this country was conquered years ago by the Japanese, and presidents are now a thing of the past.'

"A few days after this, I was discharged from the hospital. Once outside, I gasped with wonder at the hundreds of airships flying overhead. When I had left the world, airships were just being experimented with, and were very risky things.

"For a few months I wandered aimlessly about, each day seeing something more remarkable. Then, when I saw you yesterday, I recognized an old schoolmate in whom I could confide my troubles. Now, do you any longer wonder why my hair is so gray, and my nerves so completely wrecked?"

The listener gazed at the narrator a few minutes reproachfully, and then he said: "You have Ananias beaten forty different ways."

JOHN E. McDONNELL, '15.

ALUMNI AND SCHOOL NOTES



The Senior class is planning to give a dance on December 20. Further particulars may be obtained from Helen Richardson, '12.

McKenna (translating French): "Wise children disobey their parents."

Mr. A., '12, (translating): Une enorme bosse se développa instantanément sous le chapeau de soie du detective. "An enormous bump developed instantly upon the silk hat of the detective."

Miss B. (after reading a quotation from one of Shakespeare's plays): What play is that taken from, Mr. C.? Please put your chair down on the floor as it should be.

Mr. C. "As You Like It."

The teachers of the High School and ninth grades held a reception on Friday evening, November 17, for the parents of the pupils. At nine o'clock an entertainment was given. The chorus sang several selections, and Miss Darby, Miss Cross, Mr. Bearse, and Mr. Lamb took part in a play entitled, "Barbara." After this, refreshments were served.

Miss R., '12, (translating): Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora. "They licked the whispering shores with forked tongues."

CHEMISTRY

Smith: Don't women use hydrogen peroxide to bleach their hair?

Teacher: That's rather an expensive bleach. Where did you learn that trick? I know lots, but not that one.

Found, in the girls' basement, a Senior class pin, bearing the initials, H. P. H.

Miss P. (reading report in History): Next year people will be asked to place Dickens stamps in their editions of Dickens's works. The money thus obtained is to go to Dickens's ancestors, who are poor.

Mr. Clarke: Are there any corrections to be made in Miss P.'s report?

Jones, '12: The money is to go to Dickens's descendants, and not his ancestors, who would not obtain much benefit from it.

Miss Daily: Wie schmeckt der kaffee ohne Jucker?

Dodge, '14, (translating): "How tastes coffee without butter?"

Kelly, '12, (translating): Bettina tenait et gardait dans sa main la main de Jean, qui était brulanté. "Bettina held and kept in her hand John's hand, which was blushing."

Miss F.: Any correction?

Kelly, '12: Well, "brulante" means hot or burning, and that's about the same as blushing.

The Junior class held a dancing party on the evening of Dec. 1. About fifty couples attended. Music was furnished by the Crescent Orchestra. Committee: Chairman, Arthur Houde; Lillian Rahm, Roy Maston, Rachel Coolidge, Ruth Short, Edmund Garland. Refreshment Committee: Sidney Harris, Lester Horton, Joseph Sweeny, Olive Pitcher, Shirley Whitney, Abby Nicholson.

Miss Lockey: When did you learn that?

Nicholson: I remembered it from my Freshman year.

Miss L.: You remember too much.

There's a jester in Leominster High
Who moves in the upper class,
Chief in his jokes
Which he always croaks,
Is the 1915 class.

Mr. Bird, '13, now signs his name,
"E. Oiseau."

Mr. C., '12, (reading from "Il Penseroso"):

And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turkeys (turneys) and of trophies hung.

Mr. C.'s mind is evidently on
Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Daily: What is your name?

Burley, '15, (startled, for he thought she asked him a question about history): "Peloponnesus."

Miss Darby: Womit gehen Sie?
("How walk you?")

Sanders, '14: Ich gehe mit den Händen. ("I walk with my hands.")

Ask Mr. Bearse how he pronounces
MacHinery.

Maxwell Saben is attending Amherst College, instead of Cushing Academy.

Pauline Paton, '10, is taking a course of study at Wellesley College.

Louis Little, our football captain last year, made the Worcester Academy team this fall as left guard.

The following came from college to spend Thanksgiving with their parents: Nellie Lothrop, Margaret Munsie, Raymond Ladoo, Louis Little, Daniel Duval, Ronald Burrage, Bertha Shapley, Marjorie Pierce, Margaret Lockey, Florence Farnsworth, Mary Burdett, Dorothy Whittier, Rachel Morse, George Nixon, Howard Chase, Winthrop Mayo.



The Courant, (Bradford High School, Bradford, Penn.). The story, "The Man at the Third Table," is excellent. The heading for your Personal column is very appropriate, and your cover design is splendid.

The Student, (Cranford High School, Cranford, N. J.). Not a heading in your entire paper! Have you no artists at the C. H. S.?

Jabberwock, (Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.) Your paper is attractive, and well arranged. Your various departments show that time and thought have been expended upon them.

The Argus, (Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.). Your paper on the whole is good, but where is your Exchange Column?

The Echo, (Kenton, Ohio). From your Editorial Staff, we would predict a successful year for you.

The Harvard Alumni Bulletin says: "The Bulletin wishes to suggest before next Saturday's game is played that whether Yale or Harvard wins, unfavorable criticism of individual players should not be encouraged. Every man who goes into the game will do his best; if that is not good enough to make his team win, the fault is not his."

Think this over, Leominster, and give our boys the same loyal support in all branches of athletics.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Jabberwock, (Girls' Latin School). *THE MAGNET*, (Leominster, Mass.). You have a splendid paper, neat, and well arranged. The valedictory essay, "Love," was excellent. Where is your Exchange column?

Our Football Team

We had a football team this fall,
That won most every game,
But if it did not win them all,
We love it just the same.

It soon got Milford High School's goat
By twenty-nine or more,

And then it played a game of note
When Clinton could not score.

With Fitchburg High it wiped the ground,
It stood them on their ears.
I hope as good a team is found
Up here in future years.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, '12.



ATHLETICS

The football season is now over, and the Leominster High School team for 1911 is considered as possessing football abilities of a praiseworthy degree. Although the team has not been invincible, it has just ended what is considered a very successful season. In praising the team, and Coach Lane, the members of the squad should not be forgotten, for the spirit shown by every member has been an important factor in the production of this year's successful team.

Leominster ended a close second for the championship honors of the Wachusett Interscholastic League. Although the team did not succeed in winning the championship, it did succeed in defeating our greatest rival, Fitchburg. According to a standard long since established, the successful seasons of all football teams representing the Leominster High School, have always been judged by their ability to defeat Fitchburg.

L. H. S. 47

S. H. S. 0

On Saturday, Nov. 4. Leominster's football team lined up against a team from Southbridge composed of Alumni, and members of the school. Although Leominster was outweighed considerably, it had no difficulty in winning. Southbridge's weakness lay in its lack of team work, and Leominster gained ground at will.

Suhlke, Garland, and Sweeney played the best game for Leominster.

L. H. S. 38

SHIRLEY INDUSTRIAL 0

Leominster played Shirley Industrial to a standstill, on Saturday, Nov. 11. Forward passes and line bucks were the ground gainers for Leominster. Leominster had possession of the ball the most of the time. The Shirley team played hardest in the second period, and Leominster was unable to score at this time.

L. H. S. 0

G. H. S. 27

On Wednesday, Nov. 8, the postponed game with Gardner was played at Gardner. A good-sized crowd of students and townspeople journeyed with the team to Gardner, and witnessed Leominster's first defeat in two years.

The first half was played without either team gaining any decisive advantage until the last few minutes of the half when Gardner, being held for downs, attempted a place kick. Leominster's line broke through, and the Gardner quarter back, seeing the impossibility of a place kick, passed the ball to Hughes who carried it around left end for a touchdown. This fluke broke up Leominster's team. In the next two periods Gardner made many successful forward passes, and gained considerable ground around both of Leominster's ends.

L. H. S. 29

M. H. S. 6

On Wednesday, Nov. 15, Milford High was defeated 29-6. Leominster's team played with more life than they had played in any of their previous games. Suhlke carried the ball in splendid style. Milford played a hard game, but lacked the snap and precision which Leominster instilled in all of its plays. The game was lively and interesting from the spectator's point of view, as both sides scored, and fought hard for the victory.

L. H. S. 5

G. H. S. 15

On Saturday, Nov. 25, a large crowd of spectators witnessed Leominster's defeat by Gardner. In the first period, one of Suhlke's punts was recovered by Young who made a 60 yard run for a touchdown. There was no further scoring until the third period, when Gardner tied the score with a touchdown. The fourth period proved to be fatal for Leominster. Gardner made many gains through the centre, and tallied two more touchdowns before the end of the game. Referee Charles A. Metzler displayed a lack of intimate knowledge of the rules governing football. This game decided the championship of the Wachusett Interscholastic League in Gardner's favor.

The line up.

L. H. S.	G. H. S.
Young, l e.....	r e, Kauppi
A. Houde, l t.....	r t, Moran
Hill, Rogers, l g.....	r g, Forsted
Cleary, Shields, c.....	c, G, Sweeney
Platt, r g.....	l g, Leonard
Bacon, r t.....	l t, Linnell
Garland, re.....	l e, O. Houde
Barrett, a b.....	q b, R. Ryan
J. Sweeney, l h b.....	r h b, E. Ryan
Horton, r h b.....	l h b, T. Ryan
Suhlke, f d.....	f b, Hughes

Touchdowns: Hughes, 2. T. Ryan, Young. Sweeney. Referee, C. A. Metzler. Umpire, Leslie Mann. Field judge, L. H. Greenwood.

L. H. S. 17

F. H. S. 0

On Thanksgiving morning, a procession of twenty electric cars, filled with 1500 or more enthusiastic supporters, all cheering and singing for Leominster, left for the Circle street grounds, Fitchburg. These townspeople wanted a victory, and their wishes were gratified in full measure, for Leominster gave Fitchburg the worst trouncing that it has ever suffered on its home grounds in the history of the Fitchburg and Leominster games.

Leominster's team ended the season in a glorious spurt of speed that won the hearts of all the townspeople. For it is certainly gratifying to think that for the fourth successive time the much tooted Fitchburg team has been humbled by Leominster.

Although a Fitchburg newspaper made a vain effort to carry the honors over to their side, their attempt resulted in a translucent mist of two columns through which any one of the 4000 spectators could see a certain trait of human nature, sometimes known colloquially as "poor loser."

Leominster had everything its own way, outplaying Fitchburg in every department of the game. Sweeney played his usual star game, and Suhlke carried the ball in perfect trim. Horton and Barrett made a specialty of tackling. Houde was always found at the bottom of the pile. In fact, all of the players seemed to play as though they were relieving themselves of a reserve supply of enthusiasm saved up for this occasion. When the smoke had cleared, a score of 17 to 0 had been piled up against Fitchburg by her modest little neighbor, Leominster.

L. H. S.

F. H. S.

Young, l e	r e, Beer
Houde, e t	r t, Goodrich
Platt, l g	r g, Twitchell
Cleary Horton, c	c, Adams
Hill, r g	l g, Mannix
Bacon, r t	l b, Vose
Garland, r e	l e, Moriarty
Barrett, Maston, g b	g b, Conlon
Sweeney, l h b	r h b, Higgins
Horton, Barrett, r h b	l h b, Holton
Suhlke, f b	f b, Fogarty

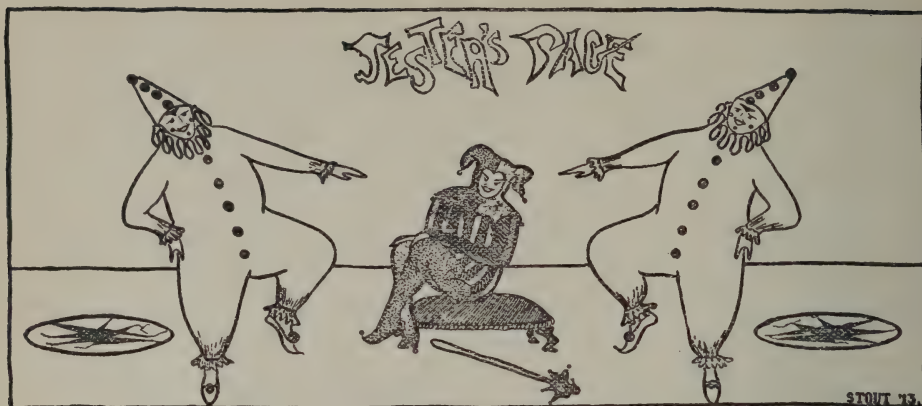
Touchdowns: Sweeney, Barrett, Suhlke. Goals from touchdowns: Sweeney, 2. Referee, Bentley. Umpire, Caldwell.

"What We Should Do"

Here we are working, side by side,
 In dear old Leominster High,
 And what we learn here we never can hide,
 For 'twill ever leak out, as the years go by
 We each must do the work assigned,
 For to learn is why we go,
 Nothing is hard when we set our mind
 To get it, whether or no.
 And at last when different paths we take
 We'll long for our school once more,
 And what wouldn't we do for old Leominster's sake,

After locking our childhood's door?
 For life is but one long upward fight
 In which all of us must contend,
 But he who would reach a higher light,
 Must never to failure bend.
 Keep on toiling, never say fail,
 This life is so full of woes,
 And he who conquers can never quail
 When harassed and bothered by foes.

GEORGE W. JONES, '15.



FOOTBALL VS. DRAMATICS—*Jokes*

'The Man of the Hour,"	Suhlke
The "Three Twins,"	Bacon, Horton, and Barrett
From "Way Down East,"	Hill
"Mutt and Jeff,"	Houde and Lundigan
"Sherlock,"	Sweeney
The "Professor,"	Platt
Lord Geoffrey Amherst,	Coach Lane
Horlick's Malted Milk,	Rogers
"Blondy,"	Maston
The "Candy Kid,"	Young
The "Centre" of Gravity,	B. Cleary
Drug Store Archie,	Bird
Chairman of Selectmen,	Sawtelle
The Handsome Dry Goods Boy,	Garland
"Pressed Beef,"	Shields
The "Speed Kid,"	Merrick
"A Pound of Flesh,"	Bradley
"The Boy with the Pretty Curl,"	Edwards
In a Class by Himself,	Kelton
Shakespeare (Modernized)	E. Cleary

It surely should not be my place,
With this to occupy my space,
But, if you'd start some talking "chews,"
Say to a Junior, "Pay your dues,"
And to the Freshmen I might say:
"Ere you get this self-same way,
Pay your dues while you have a nickel,
And thus avoid this sorry pickle."

Mother: Don't you dare use such language. I'm ashamed of you.

Paul: But, ma, Kipling uses it, and he's—

Mother: He does! Well, don't you ever play with him again.

The old lady was being shown over the battleships by an officer. "This," he said, pointing to an inscribed brass plate on the back, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"Well, I don't wonder," she exclaimed. "I slipped on it myself."

A PROPER FRACTION.

The denominator leaned over to her neighbor and nervously whispered, "Say, is my numerator on straight?"

I rose up in a car one day
To give a girl a seat,
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.

Ex.

THE MEANEST MAN.

This man, says Eugene Field, is so stingy that he will only let his child have one measle at a time.

Chinaman: You tellee me where railroad depot?

Citizen: What's matter, John? Lost?

Chinaman: No! Me here. Depot lost.

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Business Manager, HOWARD D. CORKUM, '12.

Assistant Business Manager, LEROY VINAL, '13.

Exchange Editor, OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

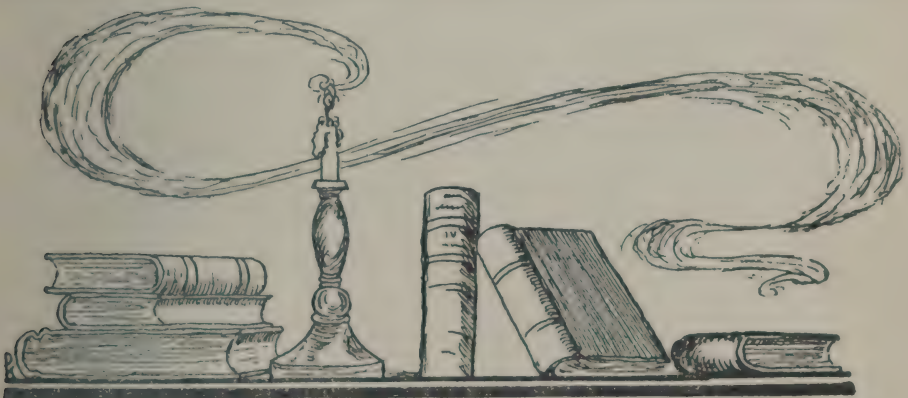
Athletics' Editor, PETER R. KNAPP, '12.

Jokes' Editor, C. LLOYD JOBES, '12.

School Notes' Editor, ESTHER W. MAYO, '12.

Alumni Notes' Editor, ARTHUR HOUDE, '13.

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EDITORIALS

AT the beginning of the school year the girls were urged to take up some form of athletics. The result was field hockey between the different classes, in which the class of 1912 was unsuccessful in their attempts to win. But, is that any reason why they should not be interested in basket-ball? The greatest number of seniors to be present at practice any afternoon was two, and that happened but once. I realize that the change of rules is probably the cause, but the change was made for our own good, though

perhaps we do not think so. Why not accept the change in the spirit it was made and appear on practice afternoons not to watch the practice, but to practice?

ALBERTA LUNDAGEN, '12.

ONCE more the time-worn and oft repeated question comes up, "When are you going to pay your class dues?"

The Freshmen have about as good an excuse for not paying them as the lazy man whose house needed shingling. He could not shingle it when it stormed, and when it was fair weather he did not need to.

This non-payment of class dues is a very bad habit to get into, and as bad habits are easy to acquire, and hard to lose, we should brace up and not have the class of 1915 go down on record as being behind the others in the performance of this important duty.

PHILIP FOSTER, Treasurer, '15.

THE interest in debating has been revived with a renewed enthusiasm which is bound to achieve success. A Congress patterned after the National House of Representatives has been instituted. This organization intends to discuss live issues of the day in a manner which will incidentally promote the powers of effective argumentation and extemporaneous speech. To all those boys who realize the value of a clear and forcible manner of expressing their thoughts, no better advice can be given than to join the Congress at its next meeting.

PETER KNAPP, '12.

A Kindly Fate

I went to school on one bright day
As care-free as could be,
Until I found my theme was gone,
That surely meant an E.

But when I got up to my room,
I thought I had a plan;
"I'll write at least a half a page
As quickly as I can."

But oh! What made the clock so rude,
It fairly raced along,
And ere I had three lines complete
The bell sent forth its gong.

I slowly passed to Room 16,
I simply had to go;
I wished that there in front of me
A row of themes might grow.

But where were all the girls and boys!
The second bell had rung.
I stared around and tried to think
Why I was the only one.

When suddenly it dawned on me,
'Twas Tuesday—what a treat!
The only day throughout the week
When English does not meet.

And so you see my fate was kind
On that uncertain day,
But now I take a bit more care,
My themes don't stray away.

EVELYN HUSSEY, '13.

A Woman's Mind

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang oft agley."

—Burns.

IT was a warm day during a New England Indian summer. Outside, the air was heavy and motionless, except for the occasional passing of a lazy breath of wind. The farmhouse nestled down among the hills seemed, with its closed blinds, like a weary mortal asleep. From the orchard came the drowsy buzz of bees, while near at hand, in the convenient shade of a tree, a large, sleek, brown cow lay and idly chewed her cud.

Inside of the farmhouse the same tranquil quiet prevailed. Mrs. Grant, the mistress of the house, sat gently rocking to and fro as she did her weekly mending. Now and then she raised her head, gazed about her tidy home with a most satisfied air, and silently congratulated herself that the work of the day was over. She was tired, and frankly admitted the fact. Still there was the grange supper that night. How she would love to go! She knew it was impossible, as the horses had worked hard all day, and must not be used again at night.

At that moment the telephone rang in that peremptory manner common to most telephones. She counted silently—five—that was her number. Laying aside her work, she stepped to the 'phone, and was greeted by her friend, Mrs. Harrington, whom she knew had charge of the grange supper.

"Am I going to the supper? Why no. You see there is no way of my getting there. Oh, they have been working in the wood lot all day and cannot be taken out tonight. Yes. Will I make two pies? Why—er it's so late. Well, I will. Yes, I'll send them up by one of the neighbors. All right. Good bye."

She turned from the 'phone with a little grimace, and hurried to the kitchen. Here she quickly set to work, and in a short space of time two golden custard pies were placed in the oven.

Mrs. Grant then hastened back to her mending only to remember she must find some one to take the pies to Granger's Hall. "Mrs. Brown will take them, as some one of her family always goes," she reflected. "Let me see, what is their number? Oh! yes. Six." "Hello!" she called, "Is this Mrs. Brown? Well, this is Mrs. Grant and I want to know if you will take two pies up to the grange for me tonight as I cannot go? Oh! you're not going! Yes, it *is* a lazy sort of a day. Well, thank you just the same. I guess Mrs. Phelps will be going. I'll ask her. Good bye."

"Why, there's Mrs. Phelps going by now. I'll just run out and ask her about those pies. Oh, dear! why does that woman walk so fast? Mrs. Phelps, oh! Mrs. Phelps," she raised her voice with the last few words and called to her neighbor whom, herself panting and breathless, she soon over-

took. "Are you going to the supper tonight?" she asked as soon as she recovered her breath.

"Why, no," replied Mrs. Phelps. "I'm not planning to go, as my husband says he can't get the work done in time to hitch up and take me."

"Oh, dear! You see I've promised to get two pies there without fail, and I don't see how I'll do it. No one else around here goes up to the grange. Oh, yes! there's Mrs. Leslie. I'll ask her," and with a nod to her friend, the now excited Mrs. Grant hastened in to the telephone.

Here again she met with disappointment. Mrs. Leslie did not think she cared to go. She presumed she'd get a great deal better supper if she stayed at home. By this time Mrs. Grant was getting desperate. There were very few houses beyond hers, and no one besides the women she had asked would be going to the center that night. What could she do? Finally, she decided to telephone Mrs. Harrington, the cause of all her trouble, and tell her the facts of the case. As a result, Mrs. Harrington decided to hitch up and come down for the pies herself. This she did, and Mrs. Grant saw them out of the house with a sigh of relief.

About half past five Mr. Grant came in saying that he guessed one of the horses wasn't so tired but that he could take his wife up to the supper that night if she wished, but he declared *he* himself wouldn't go.

Mrs. Grant laughed rather weakly as she thought over the experience of the afternoon, but decided to go. On reaching the hall the first person she met was Mrs. Harrington who, though surprised to see her, said she was glad Mrs. Grant had managed to get there. Mrs. Grant started to lay one of the tables for the supper when, glancing up, she beheld Mrs. Brown coming toward her. They both looked at each other and exclaimed in a breath, "The horses were all right," and "He did get the work done." Then they sat down and laughed heartily, uttering voluble explanations.

A little later Mrs. Grant was hurrying to the kitchen when she bumped into some one and, upon raising her head to apologize, saw Mrs. Phelps. "Why," she exclaimed, "I thought you weren't coming."

"That's what I thought about you," laughed the other. "Evidently we changed our minds." This being an indisputable fact, Mrs. Grant continued on her way to the kitchen.

Some time later, as she was eating supper, Mrs. Grant glanced across the table and there sat Mrs. Leslie. It was the last straw, and she wondered dully if she would see her husband next. But evidently men don't change their minds as easily as women do, for Mr. Grant failed to appear.

This experience continued to be a joke among the friends for a long time and often, when arranging to go anywhere, they would say to one another, "That is, provided I don't change my mind."

OLGA K. LAWRENCE.

The Seasons

A Day in Spring

I SEE before me a beautiful stretch of green pasture, dotted here and there with tall, beautiful pine trees, and bounded by a dense second growth of forest. As I stand in the midst of this pasture I notice the bright green of the grass, the clear blue of the sky overhead, the singing of the birds in the trees, and the soft breeze which blows against my face, all of which combine to tell me that it is Spring.

As I walk over toward the growth of trees I observe that the underbrush is completely cleared away from the trees, and that there are small paths leading here and there through them, from which I infer that it is some gentleman's park or pleasure ground. As I look about me I am amused by the antics of a pair of squirrels, who leap and frisk in the branches and rustling leaves overhead.

The sunlight filtering down through the trees only serves to accentuate the cool shadiness of the paths beneath. The all pervading stillness is only broken by the chattering of the squirrels, the rustling of the leaves, and the babbling of a tiny brook at my side. The whole quiet, peaceful, yet animated scene fills me with a feeling of rest and cheerfulness.

SHERMAN PLATT, '14.

A Day in Summer

IT was one of those drowsy days in Summer which one so often experiences. The sun was shining hot upon the dry ground. The tall grass moved lazily with the gentle breeze, and in the distance could be heard the click of the mowing machine as it plied back and forth through the grass. A blue shirted farmer with a broad brimmed straw hat could be seen perched on the mowing machine, shouting once in a while to the horses or to another young man attired much like himself. The second young fellow was busily raking the fragrant hay. The man on the mowing machine stopped at one end of the field, got down from the machine, and kneeling before a bubbling spring drank long and deep. Then he rose slowly, and mounting to his machine, commenced his task once more.

An old horse drawing a dilapidated buggy shambled down the road which ran past the field, raising clouds of dust at every step. A girl clad in a blue apron came out of the low farmhouse near by, and humming softly and slowly, went to the well and drew some water. A small boy, barefooted, dressed in a loose fitting pair of overalls, wearing a large straw hat, and bearing his fish pole like a gun, marched across the fields, whistling "Yankee Doodle" in droning measure.

IRVING SMITH, '12.

A Day in Autumn

AS we entered the deep, dark woods, we all seemed to grow sober, losing all the gay spirits which we had started out with. Although the sun was shining, it did not penetrate into the forest, and everything there was dull and grey. Even the pines took on a blueish tint. The leaves had begun to fall, and those which still clung to the trees were all red and yellow.

Soon we came upon an old platform wagon with the forward wheels missing. This showed that a habitation was not far distant. When we came in sight of the house, however, it was only an old shanty, unpainted and weather beaten. A brook ran through this spot, not far from the shack, and prattled monotonously on its way. We stepped across the brook and went up to the shanty. Nobody seemed to be around, and everything was silent except now and then for the crackling of the leaves as a twig or a chestnut burr fell among them. Everything felt and smelled damp, and even the moss-covered planks near the shanty let out a musty odor. Meanwhile, the sun had gradually gone down, and the twilight only added to the solemnity and gloom of the woods.

MYRTLE FARRAR, '14.

A Day in Winter

THE New Year had come upon us, bringing Winter at its best. A covering of crusty snow mantled the fields, and the jingle of a few sleigh bells broke the spell of the frosty air. The wheels of the wagons creaked and groaned as Jack Frost nipped them with his biting sting. Steam seemed to issue from the horses' nostrils as they drew their burdens over the hard, uneven ground.

Pedestrians hurried along eagerly to reach a warmer atmosphere. All, clad in heavy coats, were muffled up close around their necks with furs or woolen scarfs, and hands thrust deep into their pockets, or buried in thick gloves. Each cast only a swift glance at those he passed and hurried on to rub his ears harder and stamp his feet. In the street the drivers standing up in their wagons struck their arms against the sides of their great coats to warm their numbed hands and arms.

The wind which had sprung up during the night swept snow and sleet against the window panes, rattling the blinds and rafters, and snatching up twigs and branches in its hurrying whirl. All the windows were whitened with the artful decorations of the frost. The stiff boughs of the leafless trees moaned and sighed as shaken by the wind. All Nature sang that cold, relentless Winter was at hand.

RUTH M. TISDALE, '12

A Bayonet Fight with a Grizzly

IT was in the winter of 1877; yes, it was just thirty-five years ago. I was one of a company of cavalry stationed at a small fort among the foothills of the Rockies, to keep order among the Indians. The Indians were quiet enough as long as there were soldiers around, though, and the time hung heavy on our hands. We often welcomed the privilege of shooting and butchering our fresh buffalo-venison.

There were a few bears and a considerable number of wolves still remaining in that section, and occasionally one of them would run amuck of one of the ranchers. One night a bear broke into our corral and killed the captain's horse, a fine, fleet animal. The bear retreated before the corral-guard, who reported him to be a large grizzly.

The captain took his loss greatly to heart, and as I had among the men the reputation of being a hunter, he detailed me to go and hunt down the bear. He offered me twenty-five dollars for the rascal's skin, if I should be so fortunate as to get him. I started about daylight on horseback, with one of the breech-loading army rifles then in use. There was about three inches of snow on the ground, and the bear's trail was easily followed. First, the bear had gone to a ranch about two miles from the fort, where, according to the rancher's story, he had killed and partly eaten a fat steer. After another mile across the cleared lands, the trail entered a wooded ravine, but my horse stubbornly refused to go on; so I tied him to a tree and advanced on foot. The ravine was a small one, and just at the head of it stood a deserted cabin, with an exceptionally large well in the vicinity of the door. The door of the cabin stood ajar, and just inside, protected from the cold wind, lay old Ephraim, fast asleep. Although I was not greatly surprised at tracking him thus, I found myself highly excited and trembling all over. I was also elated at the apparent ease with which I seemed to be securing the reward offered by the captain. But I found it hard to get a good aim, even though the range was less than twenty feet. My gun seemed strangely heavy. And then, suddenly, Ephraim awoke. I hastily discharged my gun at the place where his head had been a moment before, but this did not seem to be a very vulnerable point. Far from rolling over dead, as he should have done under the circumstances, the bear, squealing with rage and pain, got up and started for me as if the ground burned his feet. The ground burned my feet, too, and I started for my horse, but the frightened animal alarmed by the noise, had easily broken the frail hitching strap and had fled. I realized that, if I fled, the bear would soon overtake me, but that, if I faced him with my bayonet, I would stand a chance of damaging him some before he got me.

I wheeled round suddenly and rapped the bear on the head. He reared up on his hind feet and struck out with his fore-paws, but by means

of sundry raps and punches on the nose and the backs of his fore-paws, which seemed to be particularly tender, I made him keep his distance. Two or three times he tried to hit me, but I managed to dodge. I manœuvred in such a way as to make him spend most of his time turning around to get at me. Suddenly I rapped both his front paws almost simultaneously, then with a quick movement caught him under the chin with the point of the bayonet. He was compelled to step one step backward. That one step landed him directly in the well!

Old Ephraim could not save himself from falling, but he caught and hung on the edge, and would soon have clambered out, but a bayonet thrust through the heart stopped his upward progress. He sank back into the well, coughing, snarling, and bleeding profusely. I loaded my gun and put a bullet through his head.

It was now necessary to walk back to the fort, where I knew I would undoubtedly find my horse. When I was still half a mile from the fort, I perceived a party of six mounted men riding out from the corral. I attracted their attention by waving my arms and shouting, and they rode towards me. I was quickly seated behind one of them, and we rode toward the fort. They told me that my horse had arrived at the fort with the saddle askew and the lasso missing from the saddle-horn. They feared that I had attempted to rope the bear and had been pulled off my horse. The captain had detailed them to look for me.

When we arrived at the fort, I reported matters to the captain, and he detailed two men to help me get the bear out of the well and furnished me with a draught-horse and the necessary tools. We returned to the ravine and erected a tripod of small tree-trunks over the well. The horse we had had been in the corral the night before, when the bear broke in; and the smell of the bear so frightened him that it was difficult to get him near the well. We finally hauled the bear out by using a very long rope with the horse at the end of it.

The bearskin was such a good one that the captain was more than glad to pay me twenty-five dollars for it. In fact, I was sorry I had agreed to sell it to him at the price. A few days after I killed the bear he sold it to an agent of a fur company for more than twice what he paid for it, in spite of the ugly hole caused by the fateful bayonet thrust.

LELAND C. BLOOD, '13.

WANTED—PUNCTUATION

That that is is that that is not is not that that is that that is is that that is that that is not that that is is not that that.

Do you get it? The editor of the Jokes did. If this interests any one, answers may be sent to the editor.

ALUMNI AND SCHOOL NOTES



JUNIOR DANCE

Maston '13: This is a short (Short) looking dance order.

Ray would have caught cold if it hadn't been for her hood (Houde.)

Mr. Corkum, '12, informed the English class that when you ask a fellow *when* he is going it doesn't mean a date.

Miss M., '13, told the class in history that there was one Greek who wrote Comic Drama.

The Boston Octette gave an entertainment in Leominster, December, 1911, at the High School. This was well appreciated by a large audience.

Has Room 16 been suddenly turned into a kindergarten? It seems so, for Miss Brooks said, "Mr. Souther, I'll let you and Mr. Potter look at the pictures together."

Horton, '13, thinks Antonio was doing missionary work in forcing Shylock to become a Christian.

A very fine entertainment was given by the Dunbar Company in the High School on January 12.

Julian, '12, (translating): La plus illustre victime fut la reine Marie Antoinette. "The most illustrated victim was Marie Antoinette."

CHEMISTRY

Teacher: Miss Julian, where do we get ammonia from?

Miss J: Animals.

Teacher: What! By heating them?

Miss Lockey told the Senior Latin class that the ancient people believed that if a person wasn't married his soul had to wander around for a hundred years.

On Friday, Jan. 12, Mr. Fairchilds, of Baltimore, gave a lecture on "Thrift" in the High School Assembly Hall. The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon views, and was much appreciated by the student body.

"1912" CLASS ALPHABET

BY KATHERINE CUTTER, '12.

A stands for Armstrong the first in our
number,
And in his front seat through English does
slumber.

B is for Bartlett who comes every day,
And does with her Latin the while away.

C is for Cleary who gets in his French
A quarterly average over ninety per cent.

D is for Donnelly with curly red hair
Who to bluff Mr. Clarke in his history does
dare.

E is for Esther who just loves to flirt
With "innocent" boys who are on the alert.

F is for one whom we know as Miss Foss.

Then follow our G's Herbert Green and
Miss Goss,

H is for Howe who loves cars, clothes, and
girls,
And whose hair one can tell was not meant
for curls.

I stands for Irving, whose late pompadour,
Attracts much attention and adds to his
score.

J stands for Jenna and Jobes, who are bright,
And also for Julian, who knows no stage
fright.

K stands for Katherine who is rather tall,
And also for Katherine who is rather small.

L stands for one who is called Edward
Lynch,
And considers his French a very big cinch.

M stands for Mary, and also Muldoon,
While Merrick, Monroe, and McGuire, fol-
low soon.

N is for no one, so I'll now take the pains
To introduce you to a Senior named Haynes.

O's for Oliver whom we know as Miss Brown,
And her history report in her note book goes
down.

P is for Prevo, Phillips and Paton.

And next on this list comes Miss Florence
Stratton.

Q is for question, in other words, Knapp.
Is he looking at you, at the board, or the
map?

R stands for Richardson, who is Howard's
new crush,
And whenever she meets him does prettily
blush.

S stands for Suhlke who by his great deeds
The High School by football to victory he
leads.

T is for Tisdale who is learned and wise,
She's the chief of the MAGNET, a paper we
prize.

U is a letter which no one will claim,
If any one wants it. please give me your
name.

V stands for no one; I'll here initiate
Our President, H. Safford, a Senior class-
mate.

W stands for Watson, known widely as Jack,
Without him our class a bright member
would lack.

X, Y, and Z stand for the unknown,
the Future, in other words, of this
memorable class.



Miss Kelton tells us that the mother
of Louis XIV. was Anne of Ostrich
(Autriche).

Monday, Jan. 15, Mr. Fairchilds gave another lecture on "True Sportsmanship." This lecture was of much interest to High School pupils. It would be well for each one to bear in mind the code of honor mentioned by Mr. Fairchild. We are promised more of these lectures in the future.

The Senior Class gave a dance in the Assembly Hall on Dec. 20. The dance proved to be very successful, and the class made about six dollars. The hall was well decorated with the class colors, orange and black. There was a short intermission about ten, and the dancing was continued until twelve.

Albert Tenney, '11, has been elected treasurer of the Junior Class of Fitchburg Normal School.

Louis Little, '11, was awarded his W. at Worcester Academy.

Nellie Lothrop, '11, was elected captain of the Mt. Holyoke College Track Team.

Ruth Baily, '06, is training to become a nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Edward Cheney, '08, is attending Tufts Dental School for the second year.

Gladys White, '10, is spending the winter at Palm Beach, Florida.

Rachel Morse, '10, is attending Boston University.

Bernard Garland, '10, is employed by the Warren Leather Company, Worcester.

John Miller, who went through a successful operation for appendicitis, has returned to his studies at Williams College.

Ruth Monroe, '10, is employed at the Leominster National Bank.

Miss Alice Garland, '04, is treasurer of MacKenzie School.

Among the Alumni who spent their Christmas vacation with us were: Bertha Shapley, Nellie Lothrop, Harold Crain, Louis Little, Daniel Duval, Theodore Kloss, Ronald Burrage, Grace Nicholson, Robert Griffin, Marjorie Pierce, Pauline Paton, George Nixon, Jack Lothrop, Carl Lee, Raymond Ladoo, Vernon Woodbury, Arthur Hussey, Margaret Munsie.



ATHLETICS

The name of Leominster High has always been foremost in Athletics, and this year's basket-ball team bids well to reach the established standard. Notwithstanding the fact that this year's team has no veterans, it has thus far made a splendid showing. William Lane, who coached our successful football season, has charge of instructing the basket-ball team. John Leheney has been chosen manager, and Joseph R. Sweeney assistant.

L. H. S. 21

ALUMNI 6

The first game of the season was played Dec. 25, against the Alumni. Considerable rivalry existed between both teams, and judging from the fouls there was a tendency to overdo this. The Alumni team could not show its old time form, and fell victims to their speedier opponents. Deady showed up exceptionally well.

The line up.

L. H. S.

ALUMNI

Merrick, l f	r f, Letters
Stannard-Suhlke, r f	l f, Crain
Deady, c	c, Little
Garland, l b	r b, Merriman
Bacon, r b	l b, Tenney

Umpire, Harrington

Baskets for L. H. S. Deady, 5; Suhlke, 1; Merrick, 1. Baskets for Alumni. Crain, 1; Merriman, 2. Free tries L. H. S. Deady, 6; Suhlke, 1. Free tries Alumni. 0.

L. H. S. 31

FITCHBURG 25

The first League game was played with Fitchburg, Saturday, Jan. 6. This game gave Leominster a good start in the League. It was very interesting from the spectator's point of view. The score was frequently tied, and both teams played a hard, fast game. Leominster played a good passing game. Deady showed a knack at dropping the ball through the rim at crucial moments. The second teams of both schools played before and between the halves, Fitchburg second winning by a score of 10 to 5.

The line up:

L. H. S. 31	FITCHBURG 25
Stannard-Barrett, l f.....	r f, Beer
Merrick, r f.....	l f, Jenson
Deady, c.....	c, Joel
Bacon, l b.....	r b, Conlon
Garland, r b.....	l b, Ayer
Umpires, Harrington and Hardy	

Baskets for L. H. S. Merrick, 3; Deady, 3; Barrett, 2; Stannard, 1; Garland, 1. Baskets for F. H. S. Ayer, 4; Jenson, 4; Beer, 2. Free tries, L. H. S. Deady, 9. Free tries, F. H. S. Jenson, 4.



L. H. S. 73

TRI MU'S 10

On Jan. 13, Leominster High was scheduled to play St. John's High of Worcester. For some reason or other St. John's failed to appear. The Tri Mu five was substituted, which resulted in the appalling score of 73 to 10, in favor of Leominster. Leominster shot at will, with practically no opposition.

The line up:

L. H. S.	TRI MU'S
Merrick, l f.....	r f, Wiley
Stannard, r f.....	l f, Burdette
Deady, c.....	c, Hardy
Barrett, l b.....	r b, Smith
Bacon, r b.....	l b, Thomas
Umpire, Harrington	



A hockey team has been organized, and after the problem of removing the snow from the ice has been solved, we shall expect to see some lively games. Judson Richardson has been elected manager and captain.

The Seasons

The trees are newly clothed in green,
The buds are opening.
The birds from warmer climates come,
For this at last is Spring.

In Summer, life is at its best,
For then there is no gloom.
How could the earth be but the best
When all the flowers bloom?

Now Autumn is the harvest time
When farmers reap the grain.
The leaves are shaken from the trees
By gusts of wind and rain.

And last of all the Winter comes,
And with it cold winds blow.
The brooks are choked, the fields are white
With ice and glistening snow.

MANOLA PHILLIPS, '12.



A man was asked how he could tell bad eggs.

He replied: "If I want to tell a bad egg anything, I break it gently."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
As unprepared he goes to class
If I bluff real well, I'll bet I pass.

Ex.

That which the American youth speaks today is not language, but "Slanguage."

Ex.

It is nearly time for some of the early birds to chirp "Oh! joy, Spring has came."

There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic,
And meters in musical tone,
But the meter that's neater,
More complete and much sweeter,
Is to met(h)er by moonlight alone.

Ex.

NOTICE TO FRESHMAN

In case of FIRE, don't run. Nothing green burns.

We looked out the window,
We thought it was Spring,
We saw the green grass,
We heard the birds sing,

But

The birds turned to frogs,
And alas! the green grass
Proved to be the reflection
Of our Freshman Class.

Ex.

Girls who complain because of the slowness of progress of the Senior Class sleighride should remember that it is leap year and the boys all know it.

Lost—Strayed or Stolen—The first three rows of pupils in Junior English, Div. 1, Jan. 17. We are told there was a reason for their non-appearance. Could it have been stage fright?

It is an undeniable fact that Edson, '13, always brings the wrong books into Latin. Why not tie a string to his finger Tuesdays?

"Father, buy me a watch."

"What do you want it for?"

"I want to swap it with Freddy for his air pistol."

Leominster High School Directory

School Committee—Dr. Appleton H. Pierce, Chairman; William Holden, Secretary and Auditor; Abby G. Boutelle, John M. Lockey, Frank I. Pierson, Harry C. Bascom.

Superintendent of Schools—Thomas E. Thompson,

School Physicians—Dr. Appleton H. Pierce, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Principal—Edward R. Clarke, English and History.

Sub-master—Charles B. Lamb, Mathematics.

Secretary—Adele Phillips.

Assistants—Alberti Roberts, Science; Frank P. Bell, Commercial Branches; Geraldine Brooks, English; Helen A. Houghton, Commercial Branches; Elizabeth Jackson, French; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Anna M. Darby, German; Edna F. Cole, Typewriting; Margaret Chard, Drawing; A. Leila Daily, English and History; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Dorothy Cross, Physical Education. Harry W. Lealand, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Sewing; Marion McVey, Cooking; Tilly V. Hough, Domestic Science; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; James C. Smith, Drill Master.

Athletics

William Lane, Basket-ball Coach.

Sidney Harris, Manager of Football.

Arthur Houde, Captain of Football;

John Leheney, Manager of Basket-ball. Joseph Sweeney, Assistant.

Anna Darby, Teacher, Manager of Girls' Basket-ball. Alberta Lundigan, Assistant.

Sidney Bacon, Manager of Track Team. James McKenna, Assistant.

Edward Lynch, Manager of Baseball. Lester Horton, Assistant.

Judson Richardson, Manager and Captain of Hockey Team;

Leominster High School Congress

Peter Knapp, Speaker.

Frank Cook, Clerk.

Edward R. Clarke, Sergeant-at-arms.

Orchestra

William H. Kenney, Director; Lloyd Jobs, Pianist; William Jenna, Drums; Roland Petts, Chester DeMond, Andrew Guy, Violins. Carl Rogers, Cornet; Aurora Kingman, Irene Atkins, Mandolins.

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Vice-president, Ruth Tisdale.

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Marshal, Peter Knapp.

Junior—President, Arthur Houde.

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THE MAGNET

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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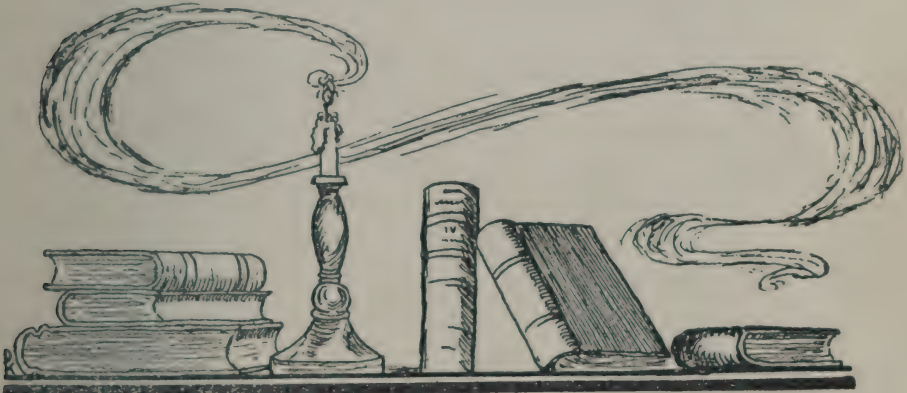
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Alumni Notes' Editor, ARTHUR HOUDE, '13.

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EDITORIALS

IT is the earnest desire of the Editors to have an Alumni number of the MAGNET. We feel that there should be interest enough kept up by the many graduates of L. H. S. to make the number a success. For this purpose we have set aside the April issue, and we sincerely hope to receive contributions sufficiently ample to devote the entire paper to the Alumni. We know that there is literary ability among the graduates, and so we shall wait full of confidence for favorable replies to our request. Alumni, see to it that

our faith in you is not destroyed. All material must be forwarded to the Alumni Editor, or to the Editor-in-Chief, before April 10.

WHAT are we going to do about "School Spirit" as relating to THE MAGNET? At the beginning of the year the enthusiasm was excellent, but much to our despair we have found that as each month passed, the interest has decreased. What can we do without your support, scholars? Do you understand that we are *your* representatives, and that we eight editors do not comprise the whole school? Do you realize that in four more months the Board for 1913 will be chosen? What kind of spirit is shown when scarcely any material is submitted voluntarily? We assure you that it is very discouraging to keep dunning scholars for what contributions we receive. We do not want any one to neglect his school work on this account, but if each will do his part, that is all we ask.

More material has been received from the Freshmen and Sophomores gratuitously than from the Juniors and Seniors. Are you going to allow it to remain this way, upper-classmen? We grant that stories from the upper classes have been printed, but we are forced to state that but few writers have contributed of their own accord. We all know that when scholars have reached the Junior and Senior classes they have more to do, and more is expected from them, but we cannot account for the absence on their part of even attempts at literary ability. The Seniors and Juniors are supposed to set the example to the lower classes, but it appears that the tables are now turned and that the Freshmen are showing the best spirit, although they have not had the advantage of three or four years of training.

Brace up, Juniors and Seniors, and show us what you *can* do. Fill the new MAGNET Box in the Principal's office so full that we will have to put on an addition. Come back from vacation inspired with new ideas, and weave them into stories, poems, and essays for

your school paper. We earnestly urge you all, scholars, to respond to this appeal and work diligently the rest of the year for the improvement of THE MAGNET.

RUTH M. TISDALE, '12.

My Resolution

The day is dark, and drear, and chill,
As by the fire I gladly sit,
And look upon a world so ill
That I would fain be kept from it.

But while I sit and muse away,
Each fleeting moment seems to say,
In language mute, of import grave,
"Arise, and be not Fancy's slave."

But even while they spake to me,
My idle spirit thus demurred,
Saying, wouldst thou o'erburdened be,
Or have thy wandering fancy blurred?

Begone! and to me speak no more!
Begone, thou lazy god of sloth!
I'll do my work, though 'tis a bore.
To do my tasks I'll not be loath.

SHERMAN PLATT, '14.

Charles Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS, one of the best known English writers, the anniversary of whose one hundredth birthday all the English speaking world has just been celebrating, was born at Landport, Portsmouth, February 7, 1812. He lived, until a young man, amid scenes of poverty and dejection; he had almost no schooling, and owned only a few books. When Charles was nine, his father, who was a shiftless man, lost money, and taking Charles from school where he was very happy, he moved with his family into the suburbs of London. Here Charles managed to carry on a miserable existence until his father, becoming poorer and going to the Marshalsea prison for debt, the boy was sent to work for a cousin who was in the blacking business.

Working in the factory at an age when he should have been playing did not bring much money; but to the lonely, homeless boy this little was a great deal and supplied his wants. After two years of labor, his father having some money left him, they were able to go forth into the world again, and for a short time Charles went to school. Memories of the time during which his father was in prison and he himself was forced to work were very painful to Dickens, and in after years he seldom spoke of them. When he made any comment on it, it was always to the effect that he could not understand why nobody had taken pity on him, a poor defenseless child.

While yet young, Dickens had written stories to amuse his father's friends, the first worth mentioning being "Sketches from Boz." When he was twenty-four, he published the first "Papers of the Pickwick Club;" and from this time his writings sold in an amazing fashion. The greater part of his works were issued in serial form, and there was always a great deal of excitement when a new chapter was issued. In his later days Dickens made a tour of the United States and England giving readings from his own books, and the halls were always packed to hear him.

During the days that he worked in the blacking factory he spent his leisure time in reading books; among his very small collection were "Don Quixote" and "The Arabian Nights," books which had a great influence on his own works. Dickens possessed wonderful powers of observation and had also an extremely imaginative mind, the latter being partially the result of his favorite book, "The Arabian Nights." Because of these two opposite characteristics his writings, contrary to those of almost all others, contained scenes which portrayed exactly the sights which he daily saw, and others that were plainly the thoughts of a dreamer. Thus his pages are full of interest for both young and old, but sometimes it is very surprising to see side by side characters natural, and characters fanciful.

Unlike other writers who, having become acquainted with the worst conditions of life in the great cities, attempt to describe them and bring forth all their horrors, Dickens describes them to us with all their humor and at the same time makes us sympathize with the characters. He is in truth a reformer for, having lived in the poorest part of London, he has an intimate knowledge of conditions with which other men have only a slight acquaintance; and although he did not consciously try to reform by his stories, he has accomplished through them many good results. Besides his very apparent reforms many men, who were an exact counterpart of Scrooge, have been changed by such stories as the "Christmas Carol."

Dickens loved the city of London, and when out in the small country towns surrounding it he seemed to be out of his element, feeling the same as when he mingled with the aristocracy. In all his stories he met with poor success when he attempted to describe prosperous merchants or fine lords and ladies, and his village scenes were like exaggerated stage pictures; while on the contrary he paints the very refuse of city life in all its vividness. His growing up in almost utter ignorance and among the poorer classes did a great deal for his books. With a good education, Dickens probably would have been able to write in a more polished style, but he certainly would not have chosen the subjects which he did, and although he would still have been a great author, his books would not have been so interesting.

Dickens had always longed to own Gadshill, which had been made famous by Shakespeare's Falstaff, and toward the latter part of his life he bought it, dying there on June 6, 1870.

BROWNLEE GAULD, '15.

Winter Sports or Seasonable Outdoor Diversions

NATURE has been especially kind to the boys and girls this year, and the Winter has been a good one. This northern country of ours has been a beautiful white field of snow, an immense playground, where the true outdoor sportsman has been tempted to enjoy the spice and thrill of exercise in the frosty air. The sportsman, hearing the call, goes out into the keen air and bright sunshine and tries his strength and skill in the winter pastimes.

Get out your showshoes, skees, or toboggan, and with a brother enthusiast slide over the sparkling snow and realize that it's good to be alive. Unlike the Americans in other seasons, only a few of us take advantage of the opportunity afforded by nature in Winter, few get on to the great white playground where conditions for outdoor games are ideal. There is the

means with plenty of competition, rivalry, and excitement, and unlimited numbers can join in the fun. Yet most Americans stay indoors and let their brothers up north, or across the ocean, have all the merry making.

However, some of our countrymen are experts in the various recreations and can talk of the best shapes of skees or snow-shoes, the most appropriate footwear, and the best conditions for their use. The snow-shoer gets on his Indian moccasins and tramps across fields and through woods all day long with only half the exertion with which he would do it in ordinary boots. Then he returns home with the blood tingling through his veins and with skin toughened, enthusiastic over his day's outing.

Or perhaps the skee-fiend oils his skees, and with a boon companion or two, sets out over the hills testing his skill as a climber and as a rough and ready walker. Then, coming home, he skees down hill all the way without any exertion whatever. The next day he will journey to some crack skeeing ground, where there is a bump, and tries a jump or two, and if he does not tumble, he builds the bump higher and sees how far he can leap. In Canada they jump ninety feet on their skees, while in Sweden they go much farther. Here is a chance for competition and a chance for thrilling and exciting contests; but unhappy is the skee-er who falls at full speed, especially if the surface is crusty, for a cut face and hands are the inevitable result.

The hockey player or the ice skater has endless possibilities in Winter, and a fresh surface is easily obtained by flooding the ice with a thin layer of water each night.

The snow should be enjoyed by all; it is not reserved for the few, and all can appreciate the benefits it offers. After coming home from a tramp across the snow one is fit to eat up work in any shape as well as a good meal.

HERBERT GREEN, '12.

"Blue Monday"

A Page from a Diary

THIS has certainly been the most unlucky day of my life. Of course it's Monday—everything always goes wrong on Monday. We had company last night and I sat up to talk with them. I don't regret the fact, although it certainly was a mistake on my part. It seemed as though I was hardly in bed before it was half past six. It was almost seven, though, before any one succeeded in waking me up. Then, of course, I was late, and my troubles began. I couldn't find one of my shoes for the longest while, but at last there it was right under the bed where I had flung it

last night. After I found the shoe, I tried to comb my hair, but oh, what luck I had! It made me mad, because I wanted to look particularly nice today, and I looked worse than usual. No matter how much I fussed with it, the ugly stuff would flop over. Really, a girl's hair is the trial of her life.

When I finally did get downstairs, it was quarter of eight, and I certainly had to hurry. I didn't eat any breakfast—I swallowed it whole. Then I hustled up to school and was just one minute late. If I was mad before, I was furious now. Of course I had to go to the office and explain and explain until it seemed to me I would explain my life away.

Well, in spite of all my explanations I was not detained long, and was told to hurry up to Latin. I had hardly settled myself and opened my book when I heard my name called. What part *was* I getting? Sometimes Cicero talks in simple Latin (or what comes as near to being simple as is possible for Latin) and then again he involves every known rule of Latin grammar in one sentence. Which, I wondered, had fallen to my share? Well, it was Monday, my unlucky day, and of course I got what I am willing to swear in any court was the hardest sentence in the book. I stumbled through it some way, and then came a volley of questions. I saw my finish. I hadn't looked up the notes, and I had forgotten all the grammar I ever knew sometime between Friday and Monday—I always do.

After my brilliant display of lack of knowledge in Latin, I went to English. It was the same story over again. Oh! these Mondays will be the ruination of me. I wonder if any one ever does have their lessons for Monday? If there is a person who does, he's either a freak, or he deserves a position in the Hall of Fame. I can't decide just now which extreme would be the better. But there! I might put it before the High School Congress. How would this sound? "Resolved—That a person who has his or her lessons on Monday deserves a position in the Hall of Fame." I can imagine what dissention that would cause among our aged representatives.

Let me see, I was writing about English, wasn't I? It's awfully funny how one thought will lead on to another. The English period was almost over and I was beginning to congratulate myself and think it wasn't so bad to let your Monday's lessons slide after all, when suddenly I was called on to explain all about the age in which some man or other lived and what effect the age had on his works. I did beautifully, inasmuch as I got a zero. I think now it was the word *age* that confused me, as that word *age* always does embarrass a girl, you know.

Next, I went to history, and I got along beautifully there—I wasn't called on. Then came a study period, and then recess. After recess I felt fine. They say a man always feels better after eating, but I think it must apply to girls also. I was almost convinced the world wasn't such a bad place after all. Mind you, I said *almost* convinced. My room teacher saved me from forming such an opinion. I was only writing notes, but she objected. That didn't bother either of us much, but I began to whisper, and that started the trouble. The madder the teacher got, the more I wanted

to talk. Finally, I heard a funny story, and that nearly was my finish. I never laughed so much in my life. But afterwards I was severely scolded and then I was mad at the world again. I don't see why there has to be an afterwards, it spoils everything.

School was over by this time and I went home and read a library book. I was too much upset to study, and I was mad at every one. I'm not mad now, though. We had cream pie for supper, and it made me feel fine. I just adore cream pie, and I just couldn't be disagreeable after eating it. I don't wonder that when a woman wants to ask her husband for anything she gives him a fine dinner, and then gently announces her requests. A woman who does that is certainly an observing one, and apt to get what she wants, or at least she ought to after getting the dinner.

Well, I'm good natured now, so I guess I'll stop writing and study. The moral of this day's experience is: eat cream pie when you're disgusted with the world.

OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

A Landing at Naples

THE steamer "Romanic" docked at Naples on the morning of July 7. All was bustle and confusion, both on shore and on the steamer. Passengers were hurrying about to make sure their baggage was all on deck and that they had forgotten nothing. Some were having last conversations with those who had been their companions for twelve days during their voyage and whom they were not likely to meet again.

As soon as the steamer was made fast, a long gang plank was let down, and the trunks were unloaded by merely letting them slide down the plank. As it was necessary that all the trunks should be off before the passengers disembarked, there was rather a long time to wait. During this time the people were entertained by several small boys who swam out from the wharf when the boat landed. They kept up shrill cries which evidently meant that they wanted money. Many pennies were thrown, which they got by diving for them. At this art they were very skilful, and though the money often struck the water at some distance away, the boys invariably succeeded in getting the coins. The Italian pennies, which are worth about two cents in our money, are about the size of our fifty cent pieces. A boy upon securing one of these immediately put it into his mouth. In this way he seemed to be able to carry a good number.

Directly opposite the boat on the wharf was a small group of Italian men and women of the poorer class. The dresses of the women were made of bright colored cloth, and over their shoulders they wore long shawls. Suddenly a shower came up, and how they did run for shelter!

Soon after this, word came that the passengers could go on shore, and each one crowded forward, eager to see what Naples would be like. At the foot of the stairs leading down to the lower deck stood the ship's bugler and one of the stewards. They shook hands with every one and said goodbye. The passengers had to pass down the same gang plank by means of which the trunks had been unloaded. The descent was rather precipitous, but every one managed to reach the ground safely. The landing at Naples was accomplished.

ESTHER MAYO, '12.

The L. H. S. Pennant

I am the pennant of L. H. S.,
 An honor I bear with pride.
 I have stood by our school thro' "weal and
 woe,"
 True-blue, whatever betide.

Why was I made of the blue and the white?
 The blue stands for truth and right,
 And Truth is strengthened by Purity,
 The emblem of which is the white.

Each boy and girl of the L. H. S.
 Believes in the blue and the white,
 Which, in hours of pleasure and hours of
 work,
 Their two watchwords unite.

Such fun I've had at the football games!
 There I waved without a fear.
 Yes, I led our boys to the contest brave,
 And joined with our girls, to cheer.

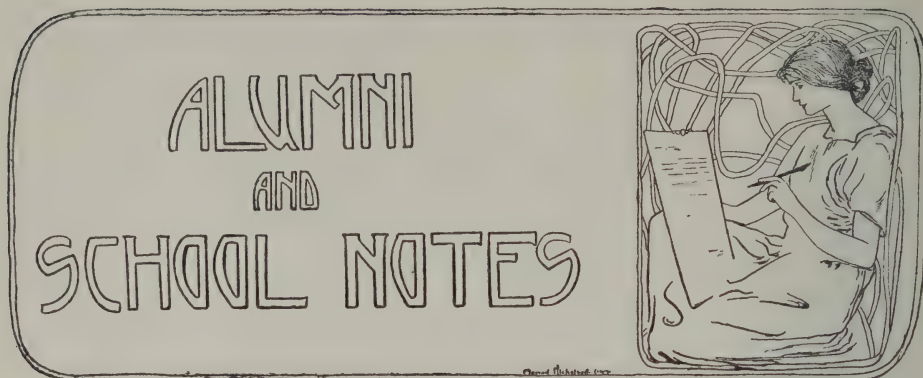
My staff was oftentimes broken in twain,
 My colors much soiled and brown.
 But what did I care, when home we came
 Wearing the victor's crown.

Only a pennant of blue and white
 Enshrined in many a heart;
 But I hope I never forgotten will be
 Although many years depart.

Goss, '12.

English Teacher: "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.

"You can lead a pupil to his books, but you can't make him think."



On Jan. 23, the Senior Class had a sleighride to Ashburnham. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke chaperoned the party.

Miss McVey: What is yeast?

Pupil: A small animal which runs along the coast of Maine.

Mr. K., '14, (translating): Diviciacus multis cum lacrimis Caesarem complexus obscurare coepit ne quid gravius in fratrem statuerat. "Diviciacus, having surrounded Cæsar with many tears began to beg not to determine anything too severe on his brother."

In January Mr. Fairchild gave a lecture to the students on "The Gentleman." There were stereopticon views to illustrate his talk, and this, like his preceding lectures, was very interesting.

SENIOR AMERICAN HISTORY

Mr. Clarke: Now, Mr. Souther, if Governor Foss decides to commute the sentence of Mr. Phelps, what is the alternative?

Mr. Souther: Electrocution.

Mr. Roberts (in Senior Chemistry): What are our *ancestors* going to do when all the coal gives out?

On January 29, the "Dixie Chorus" gave an interesting entertainment at the High School. This was under the supervision of Mr. Ralph Dunbar of the "Dunbar Company," which gave an entertainment here recently.

Don't simply read the editorials and forget them. Follow their advice. It's good.

The Junior Class had a straw-ride to Townsend on Jan. 26. Mr. and Mrs. Bearce chaperoned the party.

NOTICE

Mr. Clarke has been very kind in having a box put on the door of the private office in which contributions for THE MAGNET may be dropped. Certainly each one should take advantage of this opportunity. It is often hard for some to hand their contributions to the editor-in-chief, and by having this box in the office many complications are done away with. Poems are especially accep-

table, but don't forget to also put in any School or Alumni Notes.



On January 25, Mr. White from Amherst Agricultural College gave a very interesting talk to the students. He spoke about the college itself, of the general necessity for a higher education than that obtained at High School. He described the different departments of the college, the work the college was doing, and told of some of the college life. His talk was illustrated by stereopticon pictures. Some of the boys should have been inspired by his words, and the girls, too; for he assured us that though there were few girls in the college at that time, they were hoping soon to have a new dormitory for the girls which would accommodate more.



On Feb. 12, exercises were held in Assembly Hall in commemoration

of Lincoln's birthday. Hermon Saford, President of the Senior Class, read the Governor's Proclamation, and Olga Lawrence, of the Junior Class, the Emancipation Proclamation. Sherman Platt recited Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address, and the orchestra played several selections. Mr. Putnam, one of the Grand Army guests, gave a short talk, and then called on Mr. Blanchard who spoke about the necessity of seizing the opportunity when it comes. Rev. Mr. Kettle gave an excellent talk on the lessons to be learned from Lincoln's life. He spoke about the difficulties surrounding Lincoln's boyhood, and showed that in no way did they influence his future career. What Lincoln was he made himself.



TRANSLATE

Si je suis ce que je suis,
Je ne suis ce que je suis.

High School Congress

The subject of the first debate in the recently organized High School Congress was: Resolved, that Capital Punishment should be Abolished in Massachusetts. The affirmative side was represented by Howard Stannard and Henry Scanlon, and the negative by Herbert Greene and Thomas Bassett. The argument was won by the negative side. At the next meeting many new members were present. Committees and representatives for the different States were chosen. The subject of the second debate was: Resolved, that the United States will immediately negotiate a reciprocity agreement with Canada. The affirmative side was represented by John Leheney and Mr. Clarke, and they were victorious over the negative side represented by Sherman Platt and Maurice Richardson. A number of States are not yet furnished with representatives, and so it is hoped that *new* members will join until all the States are represented.

FRANK COOK, '12.



Totem, (Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.). You are up to the standard, as usual, Totem. Your paper is very bright and interesting.

Philomath, (Framingham High School). Your Exchange Column is altogether too brief. You simply mention the papers received, and then fill in the space with jokes. Keep your material classified and in the department where it belongs.

The Pioneer, (Reading High School). Your Christmas number contains many excellent stories. Your various departments are also well written.

The Breccia, (Deering High School). Why not have a few cuts for your departments? It would certainly improve the appearance of your paper, and help make it interesting.

The Oak, Lily, and Ivy, (Milford, Mass.). Your Editorials are fine, but you have not a single story in the paper. Stories are certainly essential if you wish to interest your readers.

The High School Beacon, (Chelsea, Mass.). "A Christmas Finding" is a fine story and certainly deserves the prize it won. The conversation is natural, and the entire story very lifelike.

The Breeze, (Cushing Academy, Ashburnham). "Harry's Boy" is a fine story and very interesting. Your paper needs a few cuts, however, to make it more attractive.

Student, (Detroit Central High School). Your paper is splendid. We are glad to notice two or three poems, a thing many of our Exchanges lack. By your paper we judge your school spirit is of the right kind.

Harvard Alumni Bulletin. "Opinion and Comment" is a splendid example of true sportsmanship.

The Jabberwock, (Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.). Why not give a little life to your paper by inserting a few class jokes and class grinds? It seems a little dry reading this month—an unusual thing for you—Jabberwock.

The Argus, (Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.). Your Editorials are fine, and your paper is a great improvement on last month's. Keep on.



January 19, the L. H. S. basket-ball team suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of Gardner. The score, 29 to 16, shows that it was not a walk-over. Deady was suffering from a sprained ankle, and Merrick was not in condition.

The line up:

GARDNER 23	LEOMINSTER 15
R. Ryan, l f	r b, Bacon
T. Ryan, r f	l b, Garland
Moran, c	c, Deady, Suhlke
Linnell, l b	r f, Merrick
Hughes, r b	l f, Barrett, Suhlke, Stannard

Baskets from floor, T. Ryan, 5, Linnell, Moran, R. Ryan, Deady, 2, Garland, Stannard. Baskets on free tries, T. Ryan, 7, Deady, 3, Garland. Free tries missed, T. Ryan, 2, Deady, 3, Suhlke, 3, Garland. Fouls called on, Moran, 6, Linnell, 3, T. Ryan, 2, Suhlke, 2, Garland, 2, Bacon, 2, Stannard, 2, Merrick. Referee, Hardy. Timer, Bentley. Time, 20 m. halves. Attendance, 350.

L. H. S. 2d, 17

GARDNER 2d, 12

Jan. 27, our team was in excellent condition to meet Southbridge, and walloped them 62 to 6. Deady made nineteen baskets from the floor, which tied his former record.

The line up:

L. H. S. 62	SOUTHBRIDGE 6
Barrett, l f	r b, Delehanty
Merrick, r f	l b, Garfield
Deady, c	c, Cole
Bacon, l b	r f, Renaud
Stannard, Garland, r b	l f, Grant

Baskets from floor, Deady, 19, Merrick, 4, Garland, 3, Barrett, 2, Bacon, Stannard, Delehanty, Garland. Baskets on free tries, Deady, 2, Delehanty, 2.

Free tries missed, Deady, 6, Delehanty, 6. Fouls called on, Stannard, 3, Barrett, 4, Deady, Renaud, 3, Cole, 2, Garfield, 2, Grant. Referee, Harrington. Timer, Little. Time, 20 m. halves. Attendance, 200.

CRESENTS OF FITCHBURG, 15

L. H. S. 2d, 14



Our team played its first out-of-town game with the Ayer Civic Club at Ayer, Feb. 2. L. H. S. won by speedy playing 26 to 23. Overtime had to be played, as the score was tied at the end of the regular 20 m. halves. Merrick was in excellent form and caged the ball five times from long distances. Deady secured the winning basket. Every man on the team played well.

The line up:

L. H. S. 26	AYER CIVIC CLUB 23
Barrett, l f.....	r b, Ryan, Burns, Hurley
Merrick, r f.....	l b, Hooley
Deady, c.....	c, Donahue
Bacon, l b.....	r f, Sullivan
Garland, r b.....	l f, Greene

Baskets from floor, Merrick, 5, Deady, 3, Barrett, Bacon, Garland, Sullivan, 5, Hooley, 3, Donahue. Baskets on free tries, Deady, 4, Sullivan, 5. Referee, Forbes. Timers, Roberts and Mullin. Time, 20 m. halves. Attendance, 400.

AYER H. S. 37

L. H. S. 2d, 9



Feb. 9, the L. H. S. basket-ball team defeated the Ayer Civic Club team in Leominster, 28 to 17. Our team outclassed the visitors, who did not gain the lead at any time during the game. Our whole team played exceedingly well.

The line up:

L. H. S. 28	AYER C. C. 17
Merrick, l f.....	r b, Ryan, Hurley
Barrett, r f.....	l b, Hooley
Deady, c.....	c, T. Donahue
Garland, l b.....	r f, Sullivan
Bacon, r b.....	l f, Greene

Baskets from floor, Barrett, 5, Deady, 4, Garland, 2, Bacon, 2, Hooley, 5, Sullivan, Greene. Baskets on free tries, Deady, 2, Sullivan, 3. Free tries missed, Deady, 4, Sullivan, 2. Fouls called on Barrett, 3, Garland, Bacon, Sullivan, 2, Greene, 2, Donahue, Hooley. Referee, Harrington. Timers, Maston and Mullin. Time, 20 m. halves. Attendance, 300.

L. H. S. 2d, 17

AYER H. S. 11



BUSINESSLIKE

Tramp: Lady, I'm awful hungry, would you mind if I ate a little snow from your front yard?

Woman: Not if you will shovel off the rest of it, to pay for what you eat.

Fond Father: Yes, Johnny, when the millennium comes, the lamb can lie down beside the lion in perfect safety.

Johnny (doubtingly): Yes, I know, but I'd rather be the lion, I think.

Ex.

A young lady, having married an aged millionaire, was greatly shocked to receive a letter which read:

Madam: "If you do not put \$50,000 in the tree-house in front of your residence tonight, we will blow up your husband." Signed Black Hand.

After serious deliberation she put the following answer in the designated place.

Gentlemen: "Regret to inform you that I do not quite like your views as regards cash, but otherwise your proposition deeply interests me."

Ex.

If *Olive* threw a *Pitcher* could *Lillian Dodge* it?

An Irish lady was discussing her twin sons with the minister, and he asked, "Well, Mrs. Mulligan, how do you tell them apart?"

"Sure," says Mrs. Mulligan, "I whip Danny, and if he cries, I know it's Patrick."

Ex.

If any of the pupils committed an offence would *Ed Lynch* them?

"Remember that whoever laughs last is generally an Englishman," says a sage of the twentieth century.

"Slanguage" reinforcements arrived in town recently when the "Chorus Lady" was presented at Music Hall.

Cleary, '12, during a class discussion of the treatment of great writers by the nobility and the rulers said of Queen Elizabeth, "She was the patron of Shakespeare, Bacon, and all the rest of those 'fellers'."

Leominster High School Directory

School Committee—Dr. Appleton H. Pierce, Chairman; William Holden, Secretary and Auditor; Harry C. Bascom, Abby G. Boutelle, John M. Locky, Frank I. Pierson.

Superintendent of Schools—Thomas E. Thompson.

School Physicians—Dr. Appleton H. Pierce, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Faculty

Principal—Edward R. Clarke, English and History.

Sub-master—Charles B. Lamb, Mathematics.

Secretary—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—Albert Roberts, Science; Frank P. Bell, Commercial Branches; Geraldine Brooks, English; Helen A. Houghton, Commercial Branches; Elizabeth Jackson, French; Frances L. Locky, Latin; Anna M. Darby, German; Edna F. Cole, Typewriting; Margaret Chard, Drawing; A. Leila Daily, English and History; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Dorothy Cross, Physical Education. Harry W. Lealand, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Sewing; Marion McVey, Cooking; Tilly V. Hough, Domestic Science; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; James C. Smith, Drill Master. Grade IX.—Annie Conlon, Hattie B. Sherwin, Marea B. Lewis, Alvin Bearse.

Athletics

William Lane, Basket-ball Coach.

Sidney Harris, Manager of Football.

Arthur Houde, Captain of Football;

John Leheney, Manager of Basket-ball. Joseph Sweeney, Assistant.

Anna Darby, Teacher, Manager of Girls' Basket-ball. Alberta Lundigan, Assistant.

Sidney Bacon, Manager of Track Team. James McKenna, Assistant.

Edward Lynch, Manager of Baseball. Lester Horton, Assistant.

Judson Richardson, Manager and Captain of Hockey Team;

Leominster High School Congress

Peter Knapp, Speaker.

Frank Cook, Clerk.

Edward R. Clarke, Sergeant-at-arms.

Orchestra

William H. Kenney, Director; Lloyd Jobs, Pianist; William Jenna, Drums; Rowland Pitts, Chester DeMond, Andrew Guy, Violins. Carl Rogers, Cornet; Aurora Kingman, Irene Atkins, Mandolins.

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Junior—President, Arthur Houde; Vice-president, Abby Nicholson; Secretary, Olga Lawrence; Treasurer, Mildred Pierce.

Sophomore—President, Eugene Deady; Vice-president, Irene Atkins; Secretary, Aurora Kingman; Treasurer, Harold Barrett; Marshal, Hugh Bradley.

Freshman—President, Lincoln Jobs; Vice-president, Erma Carter; Secretary, Ruth Burnap; Treasurer, Philip Foster.

High School Battalion

Major, Howard Corkum.

Adj. Major, Peter Knapp.

Serg. Major, Carl Suhlke.

COMPANY A—Captain, Sidney Bacon; 1st Lieut., Judson Richardson; 2d Lieut., Bernard Cleary; 1st Serg., Edmund Potter; 2d Serg., George Hill; 3d Serg., Harry Howe; 4th Serg., Harold Sawtelle; 5th Serg., Arthur Hill.

COMPANY B—Captain, Hermon Safford; 1st Lieut., William Jenna; 2d Lieut., C. Lloyd Jobs; 1st Serg., John Armstrong; 2d Serg., Edward Lawless; 3d Serg., Irving Smith; 4th Serg., Herbert Greene; 5th Serg., Frank Cook.

Corporals, Company A—Arthur Houde, Edmund Garland, Paul Ryan, Dwight Edson, Sidney Harris, John Watson, Alton Peck.

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THE MAGNET

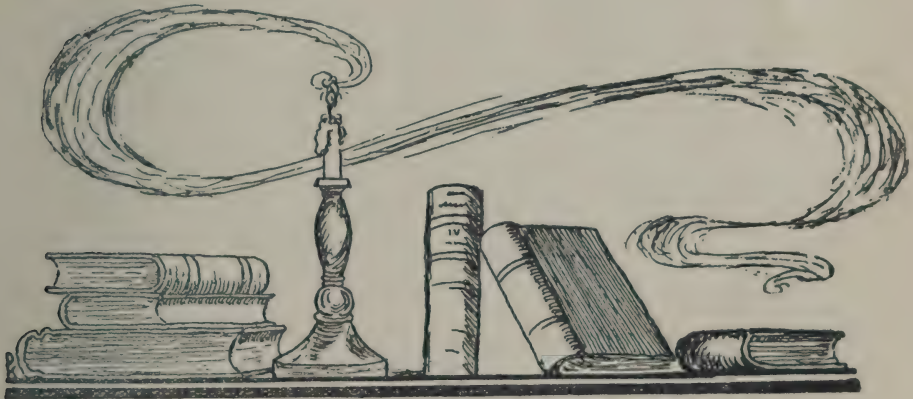
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EDITORIALS

WE had a dream the other night,
When everything was still:
We dreamed that each subscriber
Came around and paid his bill,—
Don't wake us when we're dreaming.—*Ex.*

HOW many of us stop to consider the numerous activities we have in our High School? There is such a variety that each pupil should identify himself with one of them, at least. Besides the compulsory school work we should give over a fair amount of time to that activity which suits our taste and to which we could devote our time most advantageously. We do not want to take part in anything merely to see our names on the list of members of the board, team, or society; but we want to do the most we can to advance it, and then receive the benefits of honest labor and the satisfaction of having accomplished something worth our efforts. In order to produce the best results many times we must sacrifice our own particular advantages, but the compensation invariably comes, and we realize that our exertion has not been wholly ineffectual.

In the early fall there was a football team, and the boys who were athletes could in its ranks win honor for themselves, their class, and their school. When winter came, and the snow, they turned indoors for basket-ball and practised diligently to win the games. At the same time an ice-hockey team was started for the boys who preferred the outdoor sport. In the spring will come track and baseball to close the boys' athletics.

During the midwinter season a High School Congress was instituted, modeled after the National House of Representatives, to give the boys occasion to debate. Here the boys can profit by taking part in the debates themselves and by hearing the debates of others.

The girls have their diversions as well, although perhaps not so many. Last fall they supported a very admirable field-hockey team. Later there was a basket-ball team for the girls who preferred that more strenuous activity. A literary society would have been formed for them if enough interest had been displayed, and perhaps one may be realized yet if enthusiasm for it can be aroused. This society could be made very instructive and interesting, and the girls should improve the opportunity and start one.

An orchestra was formed this winter for boys and girls who are interested in music, and for those who wished to contribute to

the entertainments furnished by the school. There is also the school paper for all those of literary inclination. Stories, essays, and poems all find a place in THE MAGNET, and contributions to any of its departments are gratefully received.

Therefore there is a chance for every one to make use of his own aptitude. Let us show our appreciation of so many activities by promoting them with zeal to the best of our ability.

RUTH M. TISDALE, '12.

Miss Helen A. Houghton, for eighteen years teacher of Commercial subjects in the high school, died at her home in Clinton, Saturday, March sixteenth. She will be deeply missed by the teachers and pupils. Her efficient work, her gentle, but firm disposition, and the patience and courage with which she kept at her work until within a few weeks of the end will be remembered by all and will remain an inspiration to her pupils.

A Leap Year Disadvantage

IT was February 1, 1912, and the Royal Club was holding a business meeting preceding their annual dance on the evening of February twenty-second.

"I say, fellows, I'm sick and tired of the old story of calling for a girl at quarter of eight in a hack, and taking her to a dance hall, and getting a few minutes in a cosy corner, or lugging a couple of plates of ice-cream around at intermission. It's all rot, and I wish some one would start something to make this dance interesting."

This outburst came from Harry Deland; his chums, Jack Dalton and "Pete" Hamilton, also stated their desire for something out of the ordinary. These three boys were the ringleaders of the club, which consisted of about a hundred members.

"A masquerade," suggested Harry.

"Rats!" said Jack. "Try a barn dance."

"Stale!" rejoined Harry.

"It's leap year, fellows," counselled Pete.

"Great!" shouted Harry. "We'll post a notice in our column inviting the girls to ask the boys to the annual Royal Club dance. We'll just sit back and wait for a hack, and have our ice-cream served to us, and then be escorted home."

This met the instant approval of the entire club; so their plan was put into action.

"Geel!" said Harry, later. "It'll seem good to have Ethel come round and ask me to a dance; and you, Jack and Pete, how will you feel when Esther and Helen come and pop the question?"

"Swell!" they chorused.

As the boys were walking along the next day they met the three girls mentioned. They stopped for a chat, but the expected invitations were not given. Further along they met three of the town's "wall-flowers," girls they did not care a rap about, but with whom they were thoroughly acquainted. One of these girls had red hair, another was freckle-faced, and the third was a walking skeleton. The girls came up to them and sweetly asked them to attend the dance.

"I should love to have you go," said the owner of the red hair to Harry.

Confused and chagrined, all three boys looked at each other. Then came the chorus, "I'll ask mamma and see." And all three fairly bolted.

"Good night! Who suggested a leap-year dance? This is a fine pickle! What will Ethel say?"

"What will Esther do?"

"Curses! That means no Helen."

Further exclamations were useless, and all three realized that they were trapped through their own stupidity, and that they had produced the means by which all the "wall-flowers" in town could get men. Furthermore, the desired girls were too modest to show a preference for the fellows by asking them to go, and so stayed at home. Thus it came about that more than half of the fellows were victims in a like manner, but they had to go, and were tickled to death when the night was over and their delighted friends had seen them home.

Ethel, Esther, and Helen had seen the predicament that the boys were in and enjoyed the fun immensely. Of course they jollied the boys, as girls will. The boys at first were provoked by their teasing; but, realizing that the girls were good-natured about the affair and regarded the whole proceeding as a joke on the boys, they soon forgave them, and all mention of the dance was dropped.

* * * * *

On February 1, 1916, the Royal Club holds a business meeting preceding their annual dance on the following twenty-second.

"Let's make it a leap-year dance," says Pete.

Come, now, do you blame the men for emptying the contents of the water pitcher over him?

HERMON SAFFORD, '12.

My Arrival at Boston

THE delightful anticipation of being very soon in Boston robbed me of whatever desire for breakfast I may have had. I hurried up on deck. A thin fog, which seemed to rest on the rippling surface of the water, was gradually being dispersed by the rising sun. I noticed with much interest the movements of the persistent little tug-boat which was slowly carrying us to our destination. It would dip down into a vale formed by two long swells, the bowline would slacken gradually, then up, up would rise the tug-boat with its nose plowing a foamy furrow through the crest of a wave.

Through the fog there were soon disclosed to our watchful eyes a few fishing schooners, moving with their accustomed slowness. They all very closely resembled each other, with their dories upon their decks in the peculiar fisherman's way.

A small motor boat, containing two boys, who seemed to enjoy the see-saw effect of the waves, next came into view. The boat was a peculiar looking old tub which had an engine that would easily distinguish it anywhere. Now all the motor boats that I had ever seen always emitted a steady chug-chug. This one, however, had originality; first, a long pooh, then a few quick barks, another long pooh, and then a repetition in the same order.

The fishing boats and all the rest were soon forgotten when the sky line of dear old Boston came into view. How happy we were to see again the familiar outlines! Our eyes vainly tried to see everything at once, from the wireless towers on the *Boston Herald* building to the long, low, gray buildings at the Charlestown Navy Yard. PETER KNAPP, '12.

Opportunity

Suggested by E. R. Sill's "Opportunity."

PAUL LANCING lay in the deep grass under the apple tree behind the garden wall. It was one of those hot, dreamy August days when the drowsy hum of the bees and the whirring of the harvest-fly only seem to emphasize the stillness. There was a soft breeze blowing, and it stirred the grass under the apple tree, bringing with it a faint, sweet odor of new-mown hay. It was an ideal day.

But it was not of the beauties of nature that Paul was thinking as he lay staring up at the lazy branches above him. He was cursing the fate which compelled him to remain there on the farm while his school-fellows, his classmates, were going away to larger towns or cities and seeking responsible positions in office, factory, or shop. But his father's health was poor and the boy was needed, and so he had stayed, with an outward show of grace, but inwardly sullen and bitter.

It was of all this that he was thinking as he lay there, and the drowsy stillness lulled him to sleep. As he slept, he dreamed. He fancied he saw a battle-field. He could smell the smoke and hear the clash of steel as the contesting armies surged to and fro. On the outskirts hung a craven, watching the battle and thinking, "If only I had a sword of blue steel like that the king's son bears, but this worthless thing"—and he snapped it in two, flung it from him, and crept away. Presently the king's son came by where the craven had stood. He was wounded and weaponless. Suddenly seeing the broken sword sticking in the sand, he sprang and snatched it. Rallying his men with a ringing cheer, he led them on to victory.

Paul sat up, rubbing his eyes, and became aware that his father was calling him. He sprang up and went away to his work, but all the afternoon the dream was in his mind, and before the day was over he had determined that he, too, would make the best of his opportunities and not act the part of the craven. HAZEL BRYANT, '16.

A Day in the Open

IT was a cold, crispy morning in February, with the temperature about zero, when Harry Cram and his brother Jack suggested a snowshoeing party, for the snow was heaped up almost two feet on the level, with a thin coating of crust. Harry and Jack were visiting their uncle during the snowy season to take advantage of the excellent winter sports offered in Vermont. There were five other enthusiastic snowshoers among the young people of the village and the boys planned to invite them to join in the sport: of course the Vermonters knew the country much better than Harry and Jack.

At nine o'clock the party, consisting of four boys and four girls, left the village in high spirits with plenty to eat; but Jack insisted on carrying his Aunt Hannah's broiler to cook the steak in, for he knew he could not eat meat cooked in any other way. The boys laughed at his foolish idea, and declared that when they had a fire built, they could find a way to cook the meat, but Jack stubbornly stuck to the broiler.

The country round the town was very mountainous, and the boys planned to have dinner half way up White Rocks, for they knew of a place there well sheltered from the wind by huge white cliffs and pine trees. As they started to climb up the mountain, the way grew more and more precipitous. This obliged the boys to help the girls in their ascent, for they had already walked three miles and were not so accustomed to climbing over rocks as the boys.

Jack, still holding fast to the broiler, found it his duty as a gentleman to help Hilda Emerson up over a steep ridge. As she was about to take the last step, the thong of her snowshoe gave way, and she would have slipped back down the rock if Jack had not flung his broiler from him and grabbed her with both hands, dragging her to the top in safety. But his broiler was gone! He looked down the side of the mountain and saw a hole in the snow where it had struck and sunk out of sight. Now his dinner was spoiled!

When the boys had built the fire, Harry called to Jack for the broiler, and then Jack, looking rather sheepish, declared that it had been too much of a burden, so he left it back on the trail. No more was said about the loss, and the hungry boys and girls began their dinner. When Jack saw the girls eating the meat cooked without a broiler, he crawled around to the steak, took a large slice, and sat down in the middle of the group to eat it and to show every one present that he was not so particular as he had made himself out to be.

After they had appeased their ravenous appetites and the sun had begun to sink below Mt. Killington, the party thought it time to turn their footsteps homeward. Going down the mountain was much easier than the

ascent, although many times one of them would lose his footing and fall into the soft snow, or the twigs to which they were clinging would give way and let them down.

The snowshoers arrived in the village about seven o'clock, and Aunt Hannah was at the window waiting to call them all in to a hot oyster stew. The day in the open had been a great success.

RUTH TISDALE, '12.

Chased by a Bull

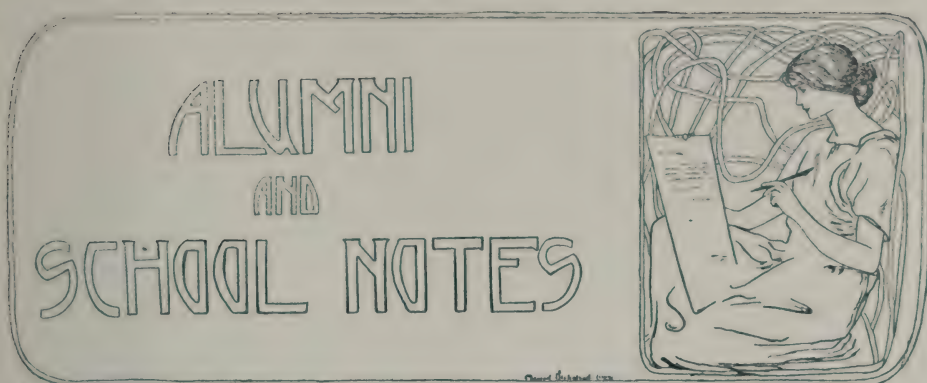
ONE summer afternoon, roaming about in the direction of Princeton, a friend of mine and I came across a very good berry field. We made up our minds to come up to the place with water-pails early the next morning.

We arrived at seven o'clock and started picking berries. We ate our lunch about ten o'clock and then set to work hard to fill our pails. When one o'clock came, we thought we should be done in an hour more.

It is one of the ironies of fate that when one finds a place where he thinks he can pick twenty quarts of berries in an hour, something must turn up to drive him away. So it was in our case. We found another place better than the first one and started to pick furiously. We had each gathered about a pint when we heard something crashing through the bushes. My friend wanted to run immediately, but my perceptions were not clear enough to see any danger. I got one view of the charging bull, and then I ran for the stone wall two hundred feet away. My friend had a start of about ten yards. I had a queer feeling at the time, but I managed to hang on to my pail. Everything went on all right, and we had a chance of escaping the creature, until we were within a yard or two of the wall, where a huge pile of brush prevented our getting to the other side. The footing all the way had been as bad as it could be, making it necessary to jump from rock to rock to avoid going down through brush that had been left where it was cut; so we were pretty well winded. Finally we both pushed on the pile of brush, and it gave way enough to let us pass through.

My friend got across the wall quickly; but I didn't take the chance of slipping back, and I climbed over slowly, just in time to see my pursuer come up to the wall and look over. Most of the time while we were running we could not see how near the animal was. We could only hear him crashing through the dead brush behind us.

FRANCIS A. DONNELLY, '12.



The Senior Class is planning to give a play the tenth of May. Mr. Clarke has suggested that the money, or at least a part of it, thus obtained should be given to the Athletic Association for the coming baseball and track seasons. It is hoped that the pupils will co-operate to make the affair a success.

On the evening of March 7 Mr. Heney, of San Francisco, gave a most interesting lecture about the corruption of politics in his city. Mr. Heney is one of the leading men of the country fighting against corrupt politics.

Miss Daily (to Freshman English class): "What does 'lots' mean?"

Mr. A.: "It means 'house lots.'"

Lynch, '12 (translating): *Maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.* "May this care wait for our ancestors."

Blood, '13: "He did not show very good *phraseology* when he said that Miss B. gave them a lecture."

Mr. Roberts (in Senior Chemistry): What is the formula for iodine?

Pupil: I.

Mr. R.: No, I₂ (I, too).

On Mondays and Thursdays Mr. Clarke has given permission to the boys and girls to dance during recess in the gymnasium.

Miss Jackson: "Does any one know what 'perroquet rouge' means?"

Corkum, '12: "Isn't it what you put on your face?"

Miss Darby: "It is the same as 'deer' in English. We say 'one deer,' 'two deer.'"

Garland, '13: "One 'dear' at a time is sufficient."

ONE ON FATHER

"Do nuts grow on trees, father?" asked Charlie, as he was eating his dessert.

"They do, my son."

"Well, then, on what tree does the doughnut grow?"—*Selected.*

Miss MacIntyre informed the history class that the fifth division of the Romans had no arms. Surely they each had two, didn't they?

Miss Jackson: "Mr. Stannard, you are holding up the whole class."

Stannard, '13: "My! I must be a strong man."

A shield designed after the trophy of Harvard and Yale has been awarded to the Leominster High School for championship in football for the season of 1910. This has been hung up in the library and is well worth every one's notice.

What position does Olive play in baseball?

Why, Pitcher, of course.

Why is it that when you buy butter of Alton you get a Peck instead of a pound?

Miss Nellie Lothrop, of the class of 1911, was chosen captain of the Freshman basket ball team at Mt. Holyoke College.

Daniel Duval, '11, who formerly attended Worcester Academy, is taking a course at Berkley Preparatory School.

SHE WAS STRONG

"A bar of soap, please?" she said to the drug clerk.

"Scented?" he asked.

"Why, no," she replied, "I can carry it."

Alumni! Don't forget that the April number of THE MAGNET is to be an alumni number.

High School Congress

At the fourth meeting of the High School Congress thirteen new members were present. The extemporaneous speaker for the evening was Herbert Green. He discussed the present basket-ball situation at the High School. Edward Bird introduced into the House the following bill, which will be the subject of the next debate: *Resolved*, That the United States should adopt the "Parcels Post System" upon a plan similar to that of Germany and England. Mr. Clarke read a letter from Congressman Wilder of Gardner, who is much interested in our High School Congress.

The subject of the debate for the evening was: *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this House that Theodore Roosevelt should not again be a candidate for President of the United States. The affirmative side was represented by Judson Richardson and Frank Cook; the negative side by Paul Ryan and Wesley Haynes. The negative side won the argument by a vote of 16 to 6. Many members of the House had something to say on the subject after the debaters had spoken, and thus the subject was made a very interesting one.

At the fifth meeting two new members were admitted, making a total membership of fifty-one. The extemporaneous speaker for the evening was

Sherman Platt, who discussed the Presidential situation in a very interesting manner. Mr. Clarke read another letter from Congressman Wilder, who is greatly interested in the "Parcels Post System." Congressman Wilder also sent two books dealing with "Parcels Post System" and several copies of the Congressional Record. Two motions were put before the House and carried. First it was moved to change the time of each speaker from eight to ten minutes with a five minutes' rebuttal for the first speaker and three minutes for the other speakers. It was moved second, that each independent member may introduce to the House a bill pertaining to the committee which he represents.

The subject of the debate for the evening was: *Resolved*, That the United States Government should adopt the "Parcels Post System" upon a plan similar to that of Germany and England. The affirmative side was represented by Howard Corkum and Sidney Bacon; the negative side by Brownlee Gauld and James Nicholson. Mr. Gauld delivered the whole of his speech without referring to a single note, and some of his arguments were the best of the evening. This debate was one of the most instructive subjects that has been discussed. After the debaters had finished their speeches, the question was thrown open to the House for a decision. After much arguing by the different members, it was voted that the negative side had won by a vote of 16 to 9.

Peter Knapp proposed the following topic to be the subject of the next debate: *Resolved*, That the United States should take steps immediately to establish a system of shipping subsidies. This promises to be an excellent subject, and many new members are expected to join at the next meeting.

FRANK COOK, '12.

Wanted: A Change in Punctuation

"We lately read in a country paper the following startling account of Lord Palmerston's appearance in the House of Commons: 'Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat on his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing. He sat down.'"

"It is easy enough to be pleasant when life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the man who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."



"And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of."

—Shakespeare.

The Fabberwock (Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.). "The School-boy's Dream" is an interesting story, but why copy from other papers? In regard to the Literary Department, it is best to have all the material furnished by the students themselves.

Courant (Bradford High School, Bradford, Pa.). We notice you apologize for the slang in your last Exchange Column. Instead of apologizing, why not leave it out? Surely Mutt and Jeff are not an improvement to your paper.

Crimson and Gray (Wheeler School, North Stonington, Conn.). For a first number your paper is very good. Try and have some cuts for the headings of your departments, and have a poem or two, if you can. We assure you the latter are hard to get.

Orange and Black (Marlboro High School). Your February number requires more stories. You also seem to lack poems. Why not devote more time to your exchanges?

The Totem (Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.). A splendid paper, one any high school might be justly proud of. You are an excellent example for us all.

The Breccia (Deering High School). An attractive paper, but lacks cuts for the departments. We wish you to know that our Exchange page was omitted in January because of lack of space, not voluntarily.

The Prospector (Wardner, Ohio). Your paper is splendid and certainly deserves to be printed on a better quality of paper. Your Exchange Column is the best we have seen, and your paper throughout shows that careful thought is given to every detail.

Hopkins Arms (Hadley, Mass.). Enlarge your Exchange Column, and do not simply name the papers received.

OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.



AFTER a successful football season and a fairly good basket-ball season, we turn with hopeful eyes toward the oncoming baseball days. Although it is customary to give out information concerning the future in cautious spoonfuls, we do not believe that we are overstepping any rational boundaries in stating that there is plenty of material, both in quantity and quality, to make a baseball team worthy of its name. When the call for candidates is issued, every fellow who can ought to come out. Make the squad the largest and best in the history of the school. This is the reagent which will precipitate all doubt from whatever skeptical minds may exist. Last year we all felt the loss of a baseball team. All the more reason why we should strive for success this year, and if every fellow who comes out bears in mind that a victorious team is based upon a lot of hard work, then—Watch Leominster High School!



The girls' basket-ball team is ending its season in a spurt of speed which adds much to its glory and emphasizes its well-known ability. On Saturday, March 9, two girls' basket-ball teams, bearing the inscription, "Turu Vereius," journeyed to Leominster from Clinton. After a close and interesting game the first team was defeated, 19 to 12. The second teams were so evenly matched that the time had to be extended in order to play out a tie. This resulted in Leominster's favor, also, Miss Pitcher dropping in a free try at the crucial moment. The final score stood 6 to 5.

The line up:

L. H. S. 19	T. V. 12
Miss Woodbury, l f.....	r g, Miss Call
Miss Lundigan, r f.....	l g, Miss Kappel
Miss Nicholson, j c.....	j c, Miss Baum
Miss Hastings, c.....	c, Miss Kramer
Miss Earl, l g.....	r f, Miss Goodsell
Miss Moorehouse, r g.....	l b, Miss Harris

Goals from the floor: Miss Woodbury, 4; Miss Lundigan, 4; Miss Harris, 2; Miss Goodsell, 2.

L. H. S. 2d. 6	T. V. 2d 5
Miss Woods, l f.....	r g, Miss John
Miss Pitcher r f.....	l g, Miss Hillner
Miss Kirkpatrick, j c.....	j c, Miss Hayter
Miss Dodge, c.....	c, Miss Fischer
Miss Wass, l g.....	r f, Miss Dippold
Miss Nicholson, r g.....	l f, Miss Atherton

Goals from floor: Miss Pitcher, 2. Goals from fouls: Miss Pitcher, Miss Woods, Miss Hayter 5.

A SATISFACTORY arrangement has been made for the use of the Trotting Park, and L. H. S. will be represented by a baseball team this year. Practice has now begun, and several promising candidates have put in their appearance. We have secured the services of a very competent coach, and, with such good material, there is every reason to believe that L. H. S. will win the championship of the Interscholastic League. This is not impossible, provided that the fellows turn out for practice regularly and keep their class-standing on the sunny side of seventy.

It is hoped that the student body will take more interest in baseball this year than they have in preceding years, and if as much spirit is shown as was displayed during the football season, our hopes will certainly be realized. It is expected, therefore, that with the combined efforts of the players and the other students we shall easily make the season a success.

EDWARD A. LYNCH, '12.

FRAMING AN EXCUSE. — "Please, Mrs. Grumpy," said the little boy, "mother would like to borrow your washtub."

"No," said Mrs. Grumpy, gruffly, "I can't let her have it. The hoops are all off, and the bottom is out, and it's chuck full of water, anyway."



PADDED

Mother—I hate to whip you, Willie, but I must.

Willie—That's all right. I knew it was comin' an' got prepared.

Do You?

All boys love their sisters,
But I so good have grown
That I love other boys' sisters
Far better than my own.

Is it not a cold-hearted teacher who will give a pupil a mark below zero?—*Ex.*

A LITTLE MIXED

A college professor, noted for strict discipline, entered the classroom one day and noticed a girl student sitting with her feet in the aisle and chewing gum.

"Mary," exclaimed the indignant professor, "take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

One of our Freshmen in the 5c and 10c store: I want a ten-cent bottle of white shoe-blackening to black white shoes with.

Bobby: Mamma, am I a lad?

Mamma: Yes, Bobby.

Bobby: And is my new papa my step-father?

Mamma: Yes.

Bobby: Then I am his step-ladder.
—*Ex.*

The fickle Freshies fidget,
And the silly Sophs suggest,
And the jesting Juniors jolly
At the Seniors' seriousness.—*Ex.*

SAME OLD STORY

"How shall I break the news to my parents that I have failed in my exams?"

"Merely telegraph them: 'Examination over. Nothing new!'"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be;
'T is not because they're funny,
But because it's policy.—*Ex.*

She: Are you still taking physical culture?

He: I'm still running every time I see your father, if that is what you mean.—*Ex.*

Leominster High School Directory

School Committee—Harry C. Bascom, Chairman; Dr. Griffith E. Abbot, John C. Hull, John M. Lockey, Dr. Appleton H. Pierce, Frank I. Pierson.

Superintendent of Schools—Thomas E. Thompson.

School Physicians—Dr. Appleton H. Pierce, Dr. Frank L. Dunham.

Faculty

Principal—Edward R. Clarke, English and History.

Sub-master—Charles B. Lamb, Mathematics.

Secretary—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—Albert Roberts, Science; Frank P. Bell, Commercial Branches; Geraldine Brooks, English; Helen A. Houghton, Commercial Branches; Elizabeth Jackson, French; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Anna M. Darby, German; Edna F. Cole, Typewriting; Margaret Chard, Drawing; A. Leila Daily, English and History; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Dorothy Cross, Physical Education. Harry W. Leeland, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Sewing; Marion McVey, Cooking; Tilly V. Hough, Domestic Science; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; James C. Smith, Drill Master; Sybil Bearce, Elocution. Grade IX.—Annie Conlln, Hattie B. Sherwin, Marea B. Lewis, Alvin Bearse.

Athletic Association

Howard Corkum, President; Arthur Houde, Vice-president; Katherine Burgess, Secretary; Edward R. Clarke, Treasurer. Sidney Harris, Manager of Football. Arthur Houde, Captain of Football. John Leheney, Manager of Basket-ball; Joseph Sweeney, Assistant. Anna Darby, Teacher, Manager of Girls' Basket-ball; Alberta Lundigan, Assistant. Sidney Bacon, Manager of Track Team; James McKenna, Assistant. Edward Lynch, Manager of Baseball; Lester Horton, Assistant. Judson Richardson, Manager and Captain of Hockey Team.

Leominster High School Congress

Peter Knapp, Speaker.

Frank Cook, Clerk.

Edward R. Clarke, Sergeant-at-arms.

Orchestra

William H. Kenney, Director; Lloyd Jobs, Pianist; William Jenna, Drums; Rowland Pitts, Chester DeMond, Andrew Guy, Violins. Carl Rogers, Cornet; Aurora Kingman, Irene Atkins, Mandolins.

Class Officers

Senior—President, Hermon Safford; Vice-president, Ruth Tisdale; Secretary, Esther W. Mayo; Treasurer, Mildred Safford; Marshal, Peter Knapp.

Junior—President, Arthur Houde; Vice-president, Abby Nicholson; Secretary, Olga Lawrence; Treasurer, Ethel Pierce.

Sophomore—President, Eugene Deady; Vice-president, Irene Atkins; Secretary, Aurora Kingman; Treasurer, Harold Barrett; Marshal, Hugh Bradley.

Freshman—President, Lincoln Jobs; Vice-president, Erma Carter; Secretary, Ruth Burnap; Treasurer, Philip Foster.

High School Battalion

Major, Howard Corkum.

Adj. Major, Peter Knapp.

Serg. Major, Carl Suhlke.

COMPANY A—Captain, Sidney Bacon; 1st Lieut., Judson Richardson; 2d Lieut., Bernard Cleary; 1st Serg., Edmund Potter; 2d Serg., George Hill; 3d Serg., Harry Howe; 4th Serg., Harold Sawteille; 5th Serg., Arthur Hill.

COMPANY B—Captain, Hermon Safford; 1st Lieut., William Jenna; 2d Lieut., C. Lloyd Jobs; 1st Serg., John Armstrong; 2d Serg., Edward Lawless; 3d Serg., Irving Smith; 4th Serg., Herbert Greene; 5th Serg., Frank Cook.

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LEOMINSTER HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

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EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, RUTH M. TISDALE, '12.

Business Manager, HOWARD D. CORKUM, '12.

Assistant Business Manager, LEROY VINAL, '13.

Exchange Editor, OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

Athletics' Editor, PETER R. KNAPP, '12.

Jokes' Editor, C. LLOYD JOBES, '12.

School Notes' Editor, ESTHER W. MAYO, '12.

Alumni Notes' Editor, ARTHUR HOUDE, '13.

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EDITORIALS

TO THE ALUMNI:

We wish to thank most heartily all the Alumni who have contributed to make this number a success. It is a great pleasure to us to know that the Leominster High School has so many loyal graduates. The contributions have been so ample, and our Magazine space is so limited, that we will have to wait to publish two of the articles in the May issue. We extend our sincerest thanks to those who have so cheerfully replied to our request.

RUTH M. TISDALE, '12.

The Lure of the Hills

CERTAIN objects have always had for me a strong attraction. Until the dignity of passing years constrained me to do otherwise, I could never ride along Atlantic Avenue, Boston, in an elevated train with my back to the wharves, without twisting myself double in order to see the ships. In a large city I still have a strong inclination to count the number of stories in every sky-scraper. Besides these man-made objects, the sea has always fascinated me. A few years ago I became conscious of another allurements,—the lure of the hills.

Size seems to be the attracting element in ships and sky-scrappers. A large ocean liner delights me immeasurably more than any form of sailing craft. Strangely enough the life connected with ships has never had any especial lure. It is merely as objects of vision that boats appeal to me. My fondness for sky-scrappers is not joined with any longing for city life. As nearly as I can analyze my feelings, sky-scrappers impress me chiefly on account of their size. Size, too, may have been what first attracted me to the sea, but now I know that the lure of the sea is change. Monotony is always tiresome, whether it be a regular schedule of diet at the Williams College Commons or "canned" prayers in chapel services. The food may be good, the prayers excellent rhetoric, but the first does not inspire appetite nor the second lofty emotion. The lure of ships and sky-scrappers, I must confess, is less on me than it once was,—simply because their appeal is size. The sea and the hills, on the other hand, give me increasing enjoyment. Up till a short time ago, as I have hinted, I liked the sea better than the hills. But nearly three years spent in a hill surrounded valley has made me realize, as never before, that the lure of the hills is the lure of the sea and that both are the lure of change. Indeed, the lure of all Nature is but the lure of change.

Four years ago, when I first saw the hills around Williamstown, I was disappointed. They weren't big enough. I looked hurriedly from one to the other in the feverish hope that the next one would be larger and more imposing. It was not long, however, before I was put on the way to imbibe the lure of the hills. One evening, after a day that had been a remarkable example of New England weather as described by Mark Twain, I happened to hear a woman remark: "I have enjoyed myself so much today. The hills are simply wonderful. Really, they're every bit as interesting to watch as the ocean. They haven't been twice alike all day." At first I was a bit skeptical about the truth of this remark. The words had a little too much of gushing femininity. I decided to observe for myself.

The next morning was dull and gray. The tops of the hills were shrouded in a dense, impenetrable mist. Their bases were half visible, as if seen through ground glass. The air was moist, with a delightfully cool sting, that reminded me of Vichy water. The misty shrouds were not still; they lifted in places and settled in others, showing here and there the

smoothly curved contour of some hill. Around the bases of the hills the mists slowly thinned. The upper shrouds grew less oppressive, less tangible, and shimmered like steam. The whole surrounding grayness became illumined with a soft effusive light, and before long, well up in the east, the yellowish, hazy disk of the half hidden sun was visible. Gradually it became more and more clearly outlined, till its brightness forced me to turn my eyes away. For several minutes I was blinded. Then, when I looked again, the mists had risen to the dignity of clouds in an azure sky. The hills shone with glittering radiance, and within myself I felt an answering thrill of springtime joyousness.

Early in the afternoon the golden light that hung around the hills lost its glow. The sun, now and then, was obscured by the huge masses of clouds that had collected. The hills became less smiling. Those in the distance seemed clad in a gloomy blue. Those near at hand had a dark stern look. They impressed me with their passive solidity; their laughing lightness of the morning had gone. A mood of melancholy radiated from them. The stillness of the air added to the awe that they inspired. The sky grew duller, the aspect of the hills more solemn. The whole world seemed on the point of sinking into darkness, when suddenly from a rift in the clouds in the west the sun shot forth its rays and for an instant gilded the majestic summits of the domes. The light waned; blackness spread from the east. The strange, shivering thrill that Nature often gives came over me. At last I felt the lure of the hills.

The next day I went to a baseball game on Weston Field. I sat in the grand stand and for the first time saw the Hopper. The hills were covered with a bluish haze that seemed to dissolve their outlines. It was with difficulty that I could keep my eyes lowered on the game. Applause for some especially clever play that I, with my eyes dreamily directed toward the swelling dome of Mount Williams, had missed, would bring my attention back to the game I had paid to see. But my eyes would soon wander to the alluring panorama of the hills.

I had felt the lure of the hills but did not have time to know them till I came, more than a year later, to spend my time among them. How can I adequately describe the hills during the glorious autumn months, when they are a confused mass of brown and red and green and gold and purple and yellow with the blue sky above, a light transparent blue where it meets the hills, shading to a deep sapphire in the arched dome overhead. In winter, what glorious color effects! What dazzling contrasts between the blue of the sky and the white of the hills relieved by the black outlines of the trees! How like a immense cluster of diamonds are sometimes the icy tree-covered domes! What effects, when the snow is gone, of dull bronze browns! With what dark solemnity the hills stand beneath the bright crackling, starlit winter nights! In spring, who could ever imagine that there could be so many shades of green?

It is strange what a personal attraction the hills have. They differ among themselves as much as do my college friends. Some I liked from

the beginning, some I learned to like, and others I appreciated only after long contact. The Hopper,—a glimpse of a part of the Greylock range through a V-shaped opening between two hills,—attracted me from the first. But strange to say, my admiration has neither lessened or increased. To many people the Hopper is *the* thing of the surrounding hills. It is like one of those rare products of art,—a painting, a statue, a musical composition,—that is at once popular and classic. Like them its attractions are so evident that appreciation is immediate. The lure of the Hopper is less subtle than the lure of many of the hills.

At first East mountain had no special charms for me. It seemed a good enough hill in itself, but it had a little less size, a little less beauty of outline, and on the whole a little more of the commonplace than the other hills. Before my first year was over, I discovered the peculiar lure of East mountain. It is the lure of changing, rich, haunting color effects. Nor is East mountain dependent for these upon the riotous splendor of autumn leaves. Its most alluring effects are in winter. Then the mountain assumes a brownish red, tinged with purple, peculiarly its own. Here and there a dark, gloomy clump of evergreens relieve whatever monotony there might be. Such a variety of colors, but what a smooth, soft blend! Stone hill is quite apart from the other hills in its attractions. There is nothing alluring about it till you get on it. If you want to get a feeling of freedom and space, turn around half-way up its eastern side and look down into the far-stretching valley. Your chest will swell involuntarily, and you will long for wings or, at least, an aeroplane. Stone hill in winter can give you good fun, if you bring along a pair of skees. The slide is long and diversified. You start from the top of a dome-like knoll and describe a quarter arc of a great circle, with a sudden scoop and a short piece of rough level ground. If you're a novice your journey will probably come to a rather abrupt and undignified end right here, but if you manage to keep your feet you will shoot with increasing speed down a gradual slope. At the bottom you must make a sharp turn among some prickly bushes. If you keep your balance, you shoot quickly down another and steeper slope and out across a meadow as far as your momentum will carry you. There you stop with tense, aching legs, but eager for another slide. To the north is the most alluring hill of all,—the Dome with its grand receding sweep and its rich golden browns and its dark greens. I am more and more impressed with the wonderfully desolate and majestic beauty of the Dome.

Truly the psalmist sang: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." To know the hills and feel their lure is surely as great a resource as to appreciate fine music or beautiful pictures. Existence tends to become dull unless we love something that stirs our imagination. The hills are God's, they are "free to all." To be provided with aesthetic enjoyment as great as that of the concert room or the picture gallery, man has only to open his heart to the lure of the hills.

JOHN RICHARDSON MILLER, '09.

The Value of a Technical Education

WHEN the student reaches his Junior year in high school, he has this question in mind. What shall I do after I graduate? Now there are many courses open to him; if he has a technical turn of mind, he may consider going through some technical school; in fact there is no better way than this for him to finish his education. However, to the majority of students considering this course of study, there immediately come up many interposing obstacles, such as qualifications for admission, and the necessary funds to carry them through such a course. If the student has the proper amount of ambition and good judgment, he can surely graduate from a technical school. A good example of the necessary progressiveness and ambition is to be found in the many foreigners who put themselves through our schools, working at spare moments and showing such proficiency in learning that they are helped financially by being awarded scholarships.

The value of a technical education is great. This sort of an education is unlike a college education. It teaches one to apply the knowledge that is obtained. The student is enabled by this knowledge to apply science and theory to concrete problems.

The various courses at a technical school open to the students are all identical during the freshman year, and men taking any course have many subjects in common; for example, the elementary principles of mechanics, electricity, surveying, chemistry, and physics are taught to every one. These subjects will give the student a broad and generalized idea of a technical training. However, the mechanical course will, in its last two years, specialize in shop management, machine design, steam and gas engineering. The civil course will specialize in structural design and sanitary engineering. The chemistry course will concentrate upon industrial, electro, organic, and analytical chemistry. The electrical course, which shows some similarity to the mechanical course, will concentrate upon power transmission, illumination, and theory.

The school activities and social affairs at a technical school are not so numerous as at a college, but one does not have so much time to indulge in them. However, there are many diversions from the steady routine of lessons; too many for those who try to take them all in, as students have discovered, much to their discomfort. Athletics are carried on to a considerable extent; and the use of a well equipped gymnasium is given to the students.

When a man has graduated and received his degree from a technical school, he is fitted to go into the world qualified for the management of large concerns. Upon graduating he may have to work for less than his former schoolmate who, after leaving the public schools, has worked into a fairly good position during the time that the graduate of the technical school

was receiving his education. But in comparing the advantages of the technically trained man, and those of the man who is without this education, I would say that the technically trained man will invariably continue to rise in position when the other has long since reached his limit in knowledge and efficiency.

HOWARD H. CHASE, '08.

Demetrius of Cassandra

IN the land where the world was young and mighty men did valiant deeds for the sake of the love in their hearts, it chanced that there flourished a family, the House of Cassandra, exalted above all, for never coward or knave had disgraced that escutcheon.

One day the lord of the House, having ridden hard in the chase, alighted at the house of a peasant to seek refreshment. The son of the peasant engaged his attention, for never had such a strong frame been seen in one so young, or never such bright eyes, such pleasing features.

"I have traveled the world over," he said to the peasant, "have seen many lands and many peoples, but never such a lad as your son. He shall come with me to learn all mysteries, for such a lad should not be buried in the wilderness." At this the parents greatly rejoiced and considered how such a great honor should befall them, but the lad said:

"I pray you, Sir, I am very happy here in the forest and do not deserve such praise, but there is one—a friend—better than I, who would serve you well and do your bidding; let me call him to be your servant."

"Servant I do not want, but one who will be my companion. The service of a friend is sacrifice, but the work of a slave is dissimulation."

However, Demetrius brought his friend to the lord, and it so happened that when the two were together it was almost impossible to distinguish between them, save that one was younger. Still it was Demetrius who was chosen, and the party left the forest. As they came to the city, the people bowed to the lord, but they looked at the lad at his right, for it was as if the forest had come to the town; he sat so straight on his saddle. Thus Demetrius was brought to the city, and his education begun. His mind was so clear that often the servants were astonished at his ready comprehension.

It chanced one day in the audience-chamber that the lord noticed his comrade was sad. "Why is it, friend," he asked, "that you do not laugh as the others? Is it because much study has made you thoughtful?"

"No—Sir," he replied. "It is this: My friend that I left in the forest was much wiser than I; he could hunt as a man, while I was only his shadow. Yet here am I, in the midst of splendor and cannot help him. You, having helped me, can understand."

But the master was angry. "Is it that I have brought you here and given you all, that you upbraid me for not capturing the whole village? Thus is benevolence rewarded. Say no more to me about it." But he noticed the lad's face was as one who held all the sadness of the world in his heart, that he laughed no more.

In the course of events there came a new lord to the manor, the other having died. Not recognizing the ability of Demetrius, for this new lord was the first of the line to disgrace the escutcheon, he bade him leave, for he brought with him new vassals. Not knowing what to do, the lad wandered by the waterfront and at dark was approached by a company of sailors who seized and carried him aboard ship. By struggling he might have escaped, but his heart was so sore that he cared not what would befall him.

Thus began a new era in his life — reprobation and hardship. His eyes lost their lustre in a sea of tears, and his body became covered with bruises and even his soul scarred by the taunts and coarse jests of the sailors. Instead of being the chosen of a lord he became the puppet of a sea-king, and disgrace was heaped upon him until he fain would die.

Why did he not resist and assert his nobility? There is a time in life when all seems vain and artificial. Life is passive and mediocre, the finer elements are in reserve. But at length the soul clamors for resurrection, the body for glorification, and with mighty leaps and bounds each breaks from its dormant condition and rushes to the zenith, there to remain or to subside forever as the mind may determine.

So Demetrius was imported to a new land to begin a new existence. In this land, where every one stands on his own merits, he struggled as he had never struggled before to achieve his heart's desire. Here none knew of the land beyond the sea, or had even heard of the glories of Cassandra, Here all was feverish excitement, a struggle for existence or for the attainment of wealth, which is of itself but existence. The rest I cannot tell, for it makes my heart bleed at the thought of the injustice and ingratitude the countrymen heaped upon him. He was beautiful: Curses on the foreigner Talented: The Devil himself is wise. Without blemish: A sure sign of hypocrisy. He was not stunted at the loom or yielded to corruption, for his was the adopted House of Cassandra and he remembered his OWN in the forest.

He could not return to his home-land, for there all was beautiful, and nothing was to be done but live in happiness and comfort. Here was the leaven of discord, the seed of strife growing each day to fruition. Here was his work; he must do his part. He longed for his friend of the forest. Yes, his friend was his life, and it grieved him that he did not desire to unite with him in his work, and he dreamed each day wonderful fantasies of such work in the new land.

At length there came a message, a request that he return to his home, for his OWN was ill with the fever. With a sad heart he hastened away, leaving many that were dear to him, for the one that he loved. The voyage was a prayer with never an amen at the ending, for it could have no

end, save one. The leaves were gone from the forest, the ice had covered the rivers, and all was still. No one welcomed him as he sped by the manor. They had not heard of his greatness across the sea. This was his life, the other a dream. Still with the prayer on his lips he opened the door of the cottage. All was the same, yes, all. The fire on the hearth as ever; it had never died—"Only men die," he said to himself, as the nurse led him onward. He knelt at the side of his friend, and pressed his lips to his forehead. "You must recover," he said. "We will have good times together."

"We have had good times together," replied the other. "Remember, yesterday when we fished at the brookside, you in vain, while I—caught the largest trout in the region."

"His mind wanders," said the nurse. "He has been that way for a fortnight."

Even as she said it, the patient's head cleared and he welcomed Demetrius. "Welcome, comrade," he smiled. "I have waited long for your coming, but now I must say 'Good-bye.' How well you have done, my friend. I have wasted my life in leisure; you have fought in the world, gained riches, and honor and glory. May God in His infinite wisdom reward you still more, for He alone can. Now I must go to my fathers; it is hard for me to leave you." So saying, he passed away as the sun was setting.

Demetrius's heart was as lead. The light of his soul had perished, and he rushed from the house to the forest. "My life was in vain," he moaned. "All my toil and ambition. Had I only remained in the forest and lived as a child of Nature, heeded the message of the winds and the trees and the birds, happy with the one alone who to me was affection incarnate, then would I truly have lived. But, no, I must leave all behind for a petty worthless tenure, seeking the friends who forget, when I might have eternal remembrance in the heart and soul of my friend whose heart and soul are immortal." Thus he passed the night in lamentable prayer and petition, until the sun rose on a new day, a new life for him. Then only he said, "Amen. Sic transit gloria mundi."

F. P. KEHEW, '09.

Letter from Amherst, Mass.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGNET:

It is a pleasure to me to be given the opportunity of writing a few words about the college which I am naturally most interested in at present.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College, I think, needs an explanation, because a wrong impression of the work of the college exists nearly everywhere. When the word agriculture is used, many take it in its narrowest

meaning and immediately think of "farmers," while the word should be taken in its broadest sense. So instead of telling of the college life here, I will tell briefly of the courses of study in the hope of interesting some of the students of the L. H. S.

The first year is practically a continuation of high school studies along with some other minor subjects. The second year is devoted to the study of the natural sciences, such as botany, zoology, and geology, along with physics, German, French, economics, and a few others. After the first two years, the student selects his major subject, the one of course, in which he will specialize. There are several majors, of which I will mention the most popular ones. For students who like mathematics and designing, a fine course in Landscape Architecture is given. This treats of the designing of large estates and parks. Chemistry, Entomology, which is the study of insects, and Botany, are subjects which offer excellent opportunities in research work. Forestry is one of the new courses, and is one of growing popularity. Military drill is required for three years.

After having told briefly of the courses, I wish to say a few words about the college in another way. It is growing so fast that its future can hardly be imagined. In the last six years, the number of students has increased 104 per cent., so that at present there are 521 regular students. Now it is in the class of smaller colleges, but facts only go to show that its stay there will be comparatively short.

Athletic relationships exist between this and many of the New England colleges. There are 'varsity teams of football, hockey, track, baseball, tennis and interclass basket-ball. Numerous clubs are maintained, and eight fraternities; so the fraternity life is rather an important factor in the college life.

As a college which does not require any tuition, and where education is obtained free, the Massachusetts Agricultural College cannot be excelled in this section of the country. So if any pupils of the L. H. S. are contemplating a college course, and wish to go where expenses are low, but where benefits are of the highest, it will pay them to look up the Massachusetts Agricultural College. If I can be of service to any one in the way of information, I will do all I can to give help on the same. Wishing THE MAGNET a successful year, I remain

Yours truly,

LEONE E. SMITH, '09.

116 Pleasant St., Amherst, Mass.

Marguerita

THREE struggling years of trying to get on had been Marguerita's portion of American life. Three years ago this coming winter the Castella family had happily bid goodbye to their country-men of Italy and been packed away in the steerage hold of a big ocean liner.

But Italian good luck and happiness evidently could not be persuaded to go abroad, for two days before the captain expected to land in New York, misfortunes began to come, and the death of Marguerita's mother dulled the visions of her and her father to the glamour and excitement of landing in the largest city of America.

Naturally, the first thought that came to Tony Castella's mind was to find some sort of a shelter for himself and his nine-year old, motherless daughter. After aimless wanderings through the crowded and crooked streets of New York, Tony, at last, went up to one of his countrymen standing on a corner vainly trying to sell the little statues from the tray suspended from his neck. The vender's face lit up with a real Italian smile at the prospect of a sale, but the stolid expression came back at Tony's timid inquiries for lodgings. The man gruffly told of a place where a couple of rooms were to be had in an immense tenement house. These rooms proved to be two inside rooms in the centre of this block and lighted only by an air-shaft, but to these tired and homesick people, in spite of the sinky feeling caused by its gloom, it surely looked like a house of rest and something that they could call home. The next morning, after a very meager breakfast, Tony set out to find some work.

All that was three years ago, and the permanent work for which he had so carefully searched had not come. His earnings so prudently saved in Italy had been gradually getting pitifully smaller and smaller, until at last he was obliged to take up with some tailoring work in a small attic shop, and bending over his work in this little room, lighted only by a kerosene lamp, had been none too good for his health, so that lately he had been seized with bad coughing spells.

Early one morning Marguerita was wakened out of a deep sleep by her father weakly calling her name. She rushed to his side, and between his spasms of coughing he managed to tell Marguerita to go for a doctor. She grabbed a shawl and blindly ran down the six flights of rickety stairs and out on to the street. Oh, where did a doctor live, and why weren't they somewhere near where they were wanted, she groaned. What should she do, and where could she find help? She thought over her few friends, and settled on Jimsey, the kind hearted newspaper boy at the corner. She fled to him and breathlessly told him her story. He thought a moment.

"Can you tend my stand? If you can, I'll run for a doctor quicker'n you can, and I know the lay o' the land better'n you do. I've lived here all my life," he added, proudly.

"Oh, Jimsey, please hurry! I'll do anything you want me to, and I'll sell **every** one of your horrid old papers; only hurry," she implored. Jimsey gave her an armful of papers and darted off across the street, barely escaping the oncoming automobiles and hurrying wagons with their heavy loads.

Marguerita, left at her post, knew hardly what to do. Her father had often cautioned her against this particular corner because of the crowds of people always hurrying by. Oh, here was a lonely old man coming—she must sell him a paper; so she stood primly by the stand and waited. But he passed right by, and another one, also. "Oh, there go two of Jimsey's customers. I'm sure of it, and they never looked at me. I guess they don't know I'm taking Jimsey's place. I wonder what he does to attract attention. Oh! I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to make up a little verse about my papers and sing it." So in a few minutes, Marguerita was walking back and forth in front of Jimsey's stand singing in a childish treble a bit of an old Italian song to which she had fitted these words:

"Oh, please won't you buy your paper of me,
For Jimsey has gone on an errand, you see."

Marguerita soon had more than she could do selling the papers, and by the time Jimsey had arrived with the doctor, the papers were all gone. She grabbed the doctor by the arm and endeavored to make the kind-hearted man run up the street and did not hear the "Rita, you sure are a brick," which Jimsey flung after them as soon as he could realize what had happened.

Rita hurried the old doctor up the steep stairs as fast as she could. When they entered the room where her father lay, the old doctor could plainly see that the lack of fresh air, sunlight, and nourishing food had done its work. He gave the usual prescription—"Go out into the country and get the air and eat—eat food that will nourish you and build you up. If you don't"—But there was no need to finish the sentence, for both the patient and his daughter realized that the end was not far off if something was not done immediately.

After the doctor had gone, Rita drew her chair up to her father's bedside, and together they talked over what could be done. But there was nothing that could be done—nothing without money. And so this discussion lasted just as long as the others they had had, and just the same point was reached every time—nothing without money.

The next morning as Rita was tidying up their two bare little rooms, a knock was heard at the door. Rita wonderingly opened it, and there stood a smiling young man who asked her if she was Rita Castella?

"My name is Marguerita Castella; yes, sir," she replied.

"And you are the young lady who sang about your papers yesterday morning?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," faltered Rita. What had she done? Wasn't it allowable for a girl to sell papers, or what was the matter?

"Well, I'm from the settlement, and as I was going to my work yesterday morning, I chanced to hear you sing. I am wondering if you could

come over to the Settlement House and sing for us sometime? I had quite a hard time finding you, but I got hold of your friend Jimsey, and he came as far as the door with me. You see, we are in need of some one to wait on table at the House, and in return we could teach you music and train your voice, besides giving you a little money."

All this seemed but words to Rita, but she caught "teach you music," and as she dearly loved it, she readily assented. So the next day she was taken to the Settlement and had her work pointed out to her, and in return she was given her first singing lessons. Things went on finely, and Marguerita would have been entirely happy if it had not been for the fact that her father was gradually growing weaker each day.

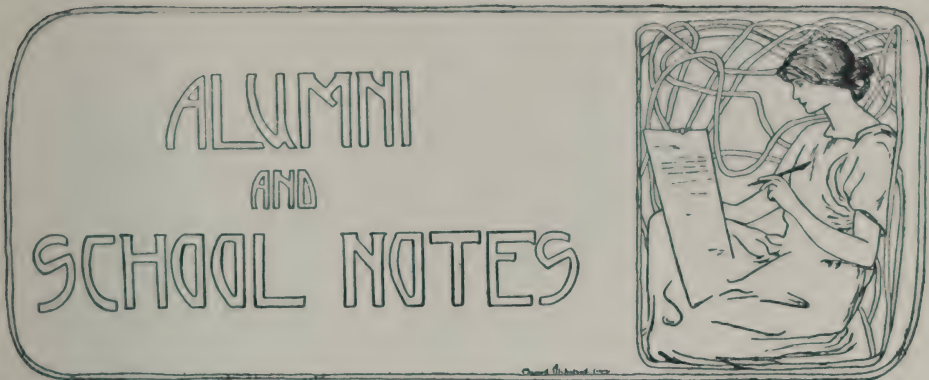
About a year after Rita had begun her work at the Settlement, a concert was planned to be given by the children, and Rita was given a prominent part in the singing. For weeks before it was to be given all that Rita lived on was the thought of that evening. An old white dress had been given her by one of the instructors, and she had many trials in attempting to make the dress look like what she thought it ought.

At last the wonderful night came, and Rita was ready and was twisting and turning in front of a mirror to see that she had not overlooked anything, when she heard her father weakly call from his bed. Her heart sank within her—she felt that something was going to happen. She went to her father's side.

"Marguerita, will you give me a little more of that wine which you brought home with you last night?"

And as she went to the cupboard, it suddenly flashed over her that her beautiful dream of the past few weeks was not to come true because somehow tonight her father looked weaker than usual, and she couldn't go away and leave him. She thought perhaps she might run down to Jimsey and have him run over with a message, but she knew even this was impossible, because when she came back with the wine her father begged her to sit down on the side of the bed, and reached over and took her hand. And as she smoothed back the hair from his forehead, she found herself humming the little Italian song which she was to have sung at the concert that very evening. And suddenly she realized that this was the only audience she was to have, but as her father smiled so gratefully up at her, she realized that there could not be a dearer one, and her disappointment was gone.

A little later that evening, in spite of the general opinion at the Settlement that Rita was undependable, the smiling young man determined to set out and investigate, for he had faith in the little news-girl. He stumbled up the dark stairs. There he waited until the singing stopped, and knocking, he heard some one softly tell him to come in. There, beside a father who he saw at a glance could no longer hear, he had found his little Italian protégé singing still, the most pathetic, but the most dependable person he knew.



Miss Jackson: "What is the future of dire?"

Pupil: "Dearest."

On March 13 Miss Arnold, of Simmons College, gave the school a very excellent talk which was much appreciated by the student-body. Her talk was especially to the girls, but the boys also might have gotten much good from it.

Mr. Lamb: "Mr. G., how did you manage to leave here at 12.47, and get back at 11.52?"

Miss Jackson: "Quel est votre petit nom?" (What is your first name?)

Smith, '11, "I haven't any."

Mr. Jenna in Senior English: "Coercion is a gentle form of force."

Miss K.: "What are those parentheses without anything inside?"

Teacher: "Why, empty parentheses."

Jenna, '12, (translating Latin): "I shook myself from sleep and went up to the top of the house, where I stood inclining my ears."

Robert Griffin, '11, is a member of the Dartmouth Track Team.

Maxwell Saben, '11, has been elected to the "College Signal" of M. A. C., and is in charge of the Circulation Department.

High School Congress

At the sixth meeting of the High School Congress two new members were present. Two new committees were chosen: a Committee on Agriculture, with James Nicholson as chairman, and the Railways and Canals Committee, with William James, chairman. The extemporaneous speaker for the evening was Howard Stannard, who discussed the disposal of the Battleship Maine. The subject of the debate was: *Resolved*, That the United States should take steps immediately to establish a system of shipping subsidies. Ralph Tenney and Peter Knapp represented the affirmative side, and Leland Blood and Edmund Potter represented the negative side. This debate proved to be the most interesting one we have so far discussed, the affirmative side winning the argument by a vote of 25 to 4 with 4 blanks.

FRANK T. COOK, '12.



The Tattler (Allen School, West Newton, Mass.). Your paper would be greatly improved if you would add a few cuts. Have you no Exchange Column?

The Bouncer (Madison High School, Madison, Me.). The Bouncer for April is an interesting paper, although too much space is devoted to grinds.

The Courant (Bradford, Penn.). Why not have more than one story in the paper? At present you seem to have but one idea and that the Washington trip.

The Iris (High School for Girls, Pa.). An excellent paper, and interesting from cover to cover. We wish we had more Exchanges like you.

The Totem (Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.) A paper by itself. Your Exchange Department is splendid, and your entire paper shows you have the support of the school.

The Red and Gray (Fitchburg, Mass.). The heading of your Athletic Department is excellent. Your Literary Department is also good.

Pinkerton Critic (Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.). Your paper is well arranged this month, but you do not devote enough time to your Exchanges. Why not print your magazine on a better quality of paper?

Pioneer (Reading High School, Reading, Mass.). Your Exchange Column consists of about six full lines. Surely you do not think you have done your duty when you merely name over the Exchanges?

Index (Oshkosh High School, Oshkosh, Wis.). A most interesting paper, neat and attractive. It shows careful thought in regard to every detail.



At a little religious conference a young lady, with a small wit, placed herself between a Rabbi and a Bishop.

"I might call myself the leaf between the Old and New Testaments," she shyly remarked.

"Yes," the Rabbi said, "that leaf is usually blank."

A mother who was proud of her son, entered the parlor and found her son talking language none too sweet, to the parrot.

"Why, Johnny, I believe you're teaching the parrot to swear," she said, sternly.

"Oh! no, mamma, I'm just telling him what he mustn't say," Johnny replied quickly.

"But, mister," pleaded the blind beggar, "just stop and think."

"I can think without stopping," said the individual, passing quickly on.

A SHREWD ONE

There is a shrewd old farmer in Chenango County whose fame for driving a close horse trade rivals that of old David Harum.

"What d'ye git for that old bay?" asked a friend the other day.

"Wall," said the trader, after ruminating a moment, "I didn't git what I cal'lated I would, but then, I hardly cal'lated I would.—*Ex.*"

Miss Dashaway: Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the Pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics.

Mrs. Fueurich: Ugh, wasn't you afraid some of them would get on your clothes?—*Ex.*

What a curious question this must have seemed to little James.

Hostess: What part of the chicken do you like best, little man?

James, timidly: I like the meat best.—*Ex.*

There will probably be a rush of male Swedish immigrants to America now because Parliament has given the fair sex the power to join Parliament and vote.

A teacher held up a picture of a zebra, and asked the class what it looked like. One young hopeful jumped up exclaiming: "A horse with a bathing suit on."

When a person is sorry for the past, and afraid of the future, you can't really expect much more of him.—*Ex.*

N. Y. Man: Bring me some of what that man has over there.

Fresh Waiter: I don't think there will be any left when he gets through.

Massachusetts College of Pharmacy

Corner of St. Botolph and Garrison Streets, Boston, Mass.

The year begins the last week in September, and ends the third in May.

Offers courses of instruction covering two and three years, and confers the degrees of Doctor of Pharmacy (Pharm. D.), and Pharmaceutical Chemist (Ph. G.).

A certificate covering the equivalent of one year in a high school is accepted for entrance.

Open to both sexes. All courses have compulsory laboratory work connected.

The Demand for Graduates of this School is in Excess of the Supply

SCHOLARSHIPS. The Massachusetts State Pharmaceutical Association, the Eastern Drug Co., the Brewer & Co., the Robert W. Greenleaf and the Julian W. Baird Scholarships are open to students of the school.

EMPLOYMENT. On application from prospective students the Dean will be pleased to assist in securing situations in drug stores, where the students will be allowed the necessary time to attend one or more courses.

SPECIAL STUDENTS desiring to attend only a portion of the course of instruction can take out tickets for such courses as they may elect.

For further information and catalogue write to

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, Ph. G., M. D., Dean.

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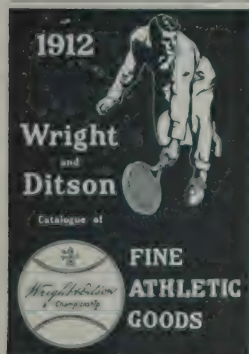
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OUR BASEBALL TEAM

THE MAGNET

Vol. V.

LEOMINSTER, MASS., MAY, 1912.

No. 7

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Business Manager, HOWARD D. CORKUM, '12.

Assistant Business Manager, LEROY VINAL, '13.

Exchange Editor, OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

Athletics' Editor, PETER R. KNAPP, '12.

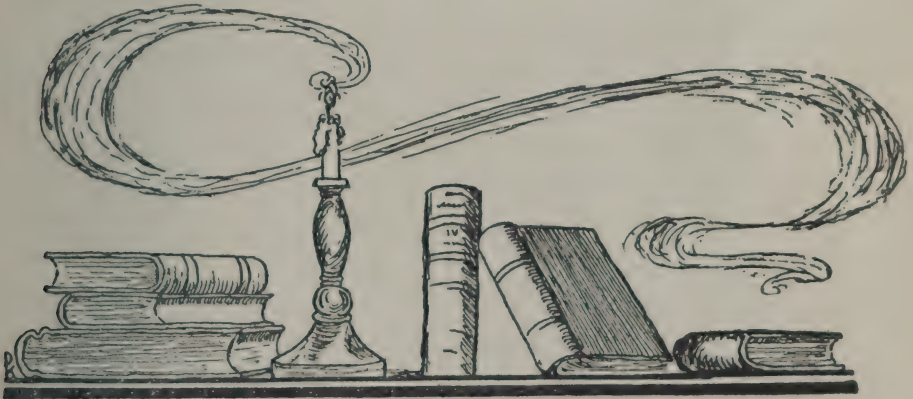
Jokes' Editor, C. LLOYD JOBES, '12.

School Notes' Editor, ESTHER W. MAYO, '12.

Alumni Notes' Editor, ARTHUR HOUDE, '13.

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EDITORIALS

WE have now established what we believe to be a firm foundation for the future of a debating society in the High School.

In the last few years interest in debating seemed to have reached such a point that it had become a regular feature in the address to the undergraduates to recommend that the succeeding senior class establish a debating club; but with the advent of our new principal a debating club has been organized upon a plan that is instructive, beneficial, and entertaining to all the boys in this

school. Under the guidance of Mr. Clarke there is no reason why this good beginning should not culminate in a debating society that will compare favorably with those of any other high schools.

PETER KNAPP, '12.

THIS month is the last before the June number, which will be devoted to Commencement; so we will soon pass on the keys of the "MAGNET Box" to the next board of editors. May it yield more material for them in the future than it has for us in the past few months! We received many contributions from the "box" the first month it was in use, but toward the last, if we had been pessimistic, we might well have believed that a good beginning makes a bad ending. Certainly it is not the right spirit to cast anything aside as stupid and uninteresting as soon as the newness begins to wear off. We hope that in September a lasting enthusiasm may be inspired in the scholars of L. H. S., so that the next editor may never have to thrust her hand into the "box" and bring forth an empty echo as her fingers resound against its cold, unyielding sides.

Juniors, have you ever stopped to consider what it means to be Seniors? In the first place, as you well know, you set the example. If you are interested in your studies and promote the activities of the school, you will be an inspiration to the underclassmen. Whenever anything new is to be done, either in the school work or any form of legitimate fun, it is the duty of the Seniors to start it along for the other classes to follow. Your attitude is going to fashion the spirit of the lower classmen. See to it, Class of 1913, that you set the standard of the school at a high water mark and endeavor to keep it there until the next class takes your place, and may that class profit by a good example from you. The success of THE MAGNET rests almost entirely with the Seniors, and you will have every possible chance to produce one of the best school magazines to be found, if you make the most of the splendid opportunities which you have and work to win the co-operation of the other classes.

The arrangement of the board of editors was new this year,

and we are not in a position to tell whether it was a success or not; but we want to thank most heartily all who have given us assistance—the faculty for their helpful suggestions and inspiration, and the scholars who took an interest in reading THE MAGNET and in contributing to it. We hope we have left behind us no ill feeling on account of any unkind deeds or words, and we wish the next board of editors a most successful and prosperous year.

RUTH M. TISDALE, '12.

Concerning M. I. T.

HOW many of you fellows have decided what you are going to do when you have completed your course at the high school? Are you going away to school? If so, have you considered the opportunities offered by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology? If you have not, let me give you a few facts about M. I. T. that may be of some interest. I will say right here that the girls should consider this too, for the catalogue says "women are admitted to any of the courses." Since 1868 thirty-one women have accepted this very courteous invitation, and have graduated from the Institute, and the catalogue lists them all as married.

The Institute offers many advantages to the man who must work his way through college. A vacation from the first of June to the last of September is given so that he has four months in which he may work to earn money to defray the expenses of the following year. A students employment bureau has been established where work for odd hours can be obtained. Board and rooms can be had for as low as six dollars a week at varied proximity to the college. There are also many scholarships for those who need such assistance, and can do satisfactory work in return.

Technology affords the opportunity of education along many lines. There are fourteen courses offered which may be divided into three groups: the engineering courses, civil, mechanical, mining, electrical, chemical and sanitary; the purely scientific courses, chemistry, physics, and biology; and architecture, which is independent of the other two groups. A catalogue which is or should be found in the high school library will give you information concerning all of these courses besides much general information regarding the Institute.

There is a compulsory course in Military Science for freshmen, consisting of two drills and a lecture each week. This should be of especial interest to the fellows of the high school since any previous training is of great

assistance in this course. Any officer of the High School Battalion should get a corporalcency or sergeantcy the first year. All the commissions are held by upper-classmen to whom the work is optional. (N. B. Those thirty-one ladies did not have to drill.) In connection with this work, there is a prize drill which is open to any high school company. I should like to see L. H. S. represented by a squad of three men this year.

M. I. T. is coming into greater prominence because of the new Technology buildings to be erected in Cambridge, as a result of the most generous gift of \$2,500,000 by a certain "Mr. Smith." The man who can graduate from the Institute has the reputation of this great school behind him which will be a great help to him in all his later work. There are firms which will employ graduates of M. I. T., regardless of the course which they took up and simply because of the training which they have received. There is much hard work to be done between entrance and graduation, but it is well worth while in the end.

I should be very glad to talk with any fellow who is planning to come to Technology, and to help him in whatever way I can.

GEORGE F. NIXON, '10.

A Letter to the Class of 1908

CLASSMATES OF 1908—GREETINGS:

It is now practically four years since we stood on the stage of the old Town Hall receiving our diplomas and doing our last direct work for the honor and glory of L. H. S. During that time there have been many changes in the high school, the town, and most important to all of us, in our lives. We have grown in the ways of the world, and away from the school and home that sheltered us in the old days; we have tried, in a more or less enthusiastic way, to hold re-unions to mark the passing years, with a measure of success commensurate with the efforts expended; we have worked or studied, failed perhaps, or succeeded, but ever with little thought or feeling for our fellows, our comrades in the battle, and for the school that gave us our start, our preparation for the conflicts we are waging.

It seems to me that now at the end of our fourth year out, we should take a few minutes to think of what the years have done, and try to get together to talk things over as in the old days. I want to start the plans now for a big gathering in June. I want every person who has been connected with the 1908 to take an interest in this and pull for success; and finally I want the best class ever to bring the Alumni Association again into its strength, to give it that which it has not, *life*, to make it a power for the future well-being of the Leominster High School.

With this end in view, I ask you all to drop me a line, a letter, even a card, to be forwarded through the Alumni Editor of THE MAGNET. Do this at once, telling me your ideas for the gathering of the clan and your present address, and, if you will, something of your work and success of the past years. I ask you of 1908 not only to do this much yourself, but also to spread the good news to those not reached by the columns of the MAGNET, and get them to answer as well. We will expect a letter from every member of the class who cannot attend the June reunion, and I want to hear from you all now. Through this reunion, which *must* be a success, we shall hope to gain life and enthusiasm enough to put the old Association on its feet and make it a power such as was never dreamed of by those who were pushing the movement so slowly and lifelessly that it stopped a few years ago.

The first step in this worthy movement is *our* gathering, and let every one of you forget not the cause, nor neglect to aid it in every way possible, to make it the best and biggest class meeting yet, as fitting to our class, and then on to bigger things, wider fields to conquer.

Very truly,

L. W. CHANDLER, Sec., '08.

A Story from the Titles of Holmes's Works

"MY AUNT," with "Bill and Joe" and "The Only Daughter," "Lucy," lived at "Lexington," but moved to "Old Cambridge, July 3, 1875," where Bill entered "Harvard." When settled, they were surprised "At a Meeting of Friends," who were welcomed in "The Study" by "My Aunt," who said in greeting, "I am glad you are 'All Here' 'Once More' 'At My Fireside.'"

For a few minutes there was general conversation; two of the guests, "De Sauty" and "Benjamin Peirce," discussed "Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts," while "Dorothy Q." entertained the others by reading "A Sea Dialogue." Soon, however, all stopped talking to listen to "Grandma's Story of Bunker Hill Battle."

At dinner, "The Boys," "Bill and Joe," described their trip up "The Hudson" in "The Steamboat." "Martha," one of the guests, had prepared some "Verses for After-Dinner," and "Frances Parkman" read "An After-Dinner Poem." As the guests were still "Unsatisfied" and requested more, "J. D. R." told "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," which all declared was "The Height of the Ridiculous." "Joseph Warren, M. D." proposed "A Toast to Wilkie Collins," the guest of honor; then all drank "A Parting Health to J. L. Motley," who was about to sail for Naples. The dinner ended by all singing "A Loving-Cup Song."

Later, Joe invited "Avis" to ride in "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay." She accepted, saying, "We will have 'A Good Time Going.'"

Meanwhile, Bill took "Agnes," Avis's chum, for a stroll "In the Twilight" hoping to see "The Comet." As "The Sweet Little Man" led the way along "The Crooked Footpath," he spoke of "Parson Truell's Legacy," about which there were many "Questions and Answers." He then made "A Modest Request" saying, "I Like You and I Love You," hearing "In Response," "I am 'too Young for Love.'" He replied, "This is 'what I have Come for,' and I must speak 'Never or Now.'" So "The Smiling Listener" gave "The Promise," and as they were now "At the Turn of the Road," they returned through "The Shadows." As he opened "The Iron Gate" and they went into "The Rose and the Fern" garden, "Aunt Tabitha," just "Opening the Window," saw them and guessed "The Lovers' Secret," which reminded her of "Departed Days," and she murmured, "There's 'No Time like the Old Time.'"

The lovers stood "On the Threshold" and watched "The Opening of the Piano," then listened to "Our Sweet Singer," "Avis," who sang "Songs of Welcome and Farewell," ending with an "Island Hunting-Song." It was now "After the Curfew," so all joined in "The Parting Song" and having said "The Parting Word," the guests walked slowly through the garden, turning at the gate for "The Last Look."

MILDRED GOSS, '12.

Cats and Cats

THE scene was the interior of the general store and post office of a little New England village. Counters and showcases stood on either side of the entrance, while barrels of sugar, boxes of crackers, cases of dates, and other commodities were placed within easy reach. In the rear of the store stood a stove, in which was a crackling wood fire, and around it, sitting on boxes or chairs or even standing, was gathered a group of farmers and village loungers. Some of the older men who usually congregated here would often fascinate their listeners with interesting stories of hunting, seafaring, cow-boying, or some other thrilling experience. The most popular of these old-timers, an old hunter and trapper, was sitting with his chair tilted back comfortably against the wall, listening to the conversation.

"I hear you got a lynx a while ago," said someone to the old trapper.

"Well, it would be more like the truth to say the lynx got me," was the answer, "because it did pretty near."

"We haven't heard about that, have we?" hinted someone else.

"Well, I'm willing to tell it," the old man said, moving nearer the fire

and refilling his pipe. Then every one settled comfortably around the iron stove.

"It was a good deal too interesting while it happened," said the storyteller.

"All the better for us," remarked a listener.

"One day while I was upstate," began the old hunter, "I was out after rabbits, and while walkin' along a lonely road I saw some strange lookin' tracks in the snow. 'Well, I vum,' says I to myself. 'Now what do you s'pose made them tracks?' They looked something like cat tracks, but what kind of a cat I didn't know. After thinking it over I made up my mind to follow them up. The trail led along the road for quite a way. On one side of the road there was a big tangle of sprouts, vines, briars, and all that sort of thing, and finally what does that trail do but go into this maze of brush. Well, I had quite a time getting through, but I did after a while. Soon the trail came to a brook and crossed it. Then it led up over a wooded hill and into another valley. Gradually it kept getting into the thick woods. Pretty soon it skirted the edge of a wild, swampy pond, and came into an old log-road. I could hardly see the old road, so long had it been out of use, but the tracks were plain enough. I had just begun to wonder how much further they'd go, when—what do you s'pose I saw? Well, it wasn't the critter, but it surprised me just as much, for there, standin' on that old log-path almost a hundred miles from any where, was an old building. I couldn't tell whether it was a house or a barn, or an old saw-mill; it was too far gone for that. But the minute I saw that them tracks led into the buildin', I knew that this must be the cat's lair. So, not wanting to take any risks, I slipped another shell into my gun and got all ready for action; then, slowly and carefully, expectin' any minute to be pounced upon by a wild-cat or a Injun devil, I went up and peeked into the door."

The old hunter stopped, and the loungers, feeling that the crisis was at hand, edged nearer the roaring fire. After lighting his pipe the old man went on.

"There was nothin' in sight; so I went in further, across a dangerously rotten old floor to another room. In the farthest corner of that room there was a litter of the cutest little kittens you ever see. There they were, all huddled together with their bright, shining eyes all turned timidly toward me. I didn't know whether to take a couple or not. I'd always wanted to start some sort of a menagerie, so I thought to myself, 'here's your chance.' As I stood there contemplating, I happened to look around, and I saw something that made my blood tingle. I didn't stop to examine the object much, but I got an impression of a furry, ear-tufted animal crouching for a spring. Well, the pesky thing sprang before I could shoot, and I sprang too, and ran somewhere.

"In the end I found myself in an up stairs room, but it didn't take long to see that the animal was there too. This time I clubbed it with my gun, but immediately after doing so I fell through the floor right into that bunch of young cats. Well, as soon as the bunch discovered me, which didn't take

long, they all started scratching, and squalling, and spitting. I immediately commenced to untangle myself, which didn't take long either; but I hadn't any more than finished the job, when the old cat came downstairs, too, via the same path I took. Well, she landed on the kittens, but she didn't stop there. She went right through that floor, and all the young ones went with her. I was surprised. I thought if that particular spot had been strong enough to hold me it ought to have held her, but I guess I must have weakened it when I came down. Well, I decided this was my time to get out, so I scooted through the door and got away from that neighborhood as fast as I could."

"Fine! Fine!" said the listeners. "Didn't you go back after 'em?" asked some one.

"No, I didn't," was the answer. "I decided I didn't want any of that species in my menagerie."

ERNEST W. FOLEY

A Trout Fishing Trip

TOM was a large, good natured lad who did not live very far from my uncle's house. I was visiting my uncle in the city and had become acquainted with Tom. Tom had a brother, named Bill, who was short and stout, and about sixteen years old. Tom, Bill and I got along splendidly together, and we had great sport roaming about the city, and oftentimes getting into trouble.

The fun increased when Tom's two cousins, who were both seventeen years old, came from the country to visit him and Bill. We went down to the train to meet them, and I found them to be a couple of jolly lads and, although of my own age, larger and much stronger than I. We five fellows were almost always found together after that, sometimes in the swimming pool, or playing ball in the park.

One day, one of Tom's country cousins, whom we called Jack, suggested that we go fishing. We all happened to feel that moment that we would like to go fishing, but we decided to wait until the next day and make it a fishing trip of several days. At that, we began getting things ready. As we got permission to take one of Tom's father's horses, we decided to go about fifteen miles from the city for our fish. I was the only one without any fishing tackle, and I went to a store to buy some while the other fellows busied themselves in untangling their fish lines, fixing their rods, and digging bait. I returned in time to help them pack our things into the buggy. After we had put in our provisions, our tackle, and some blankets, the buggy was about full.

The next morning about three o'clock we were all ready to start, and a comical looking "bunch of rubes" we must have been. About half past

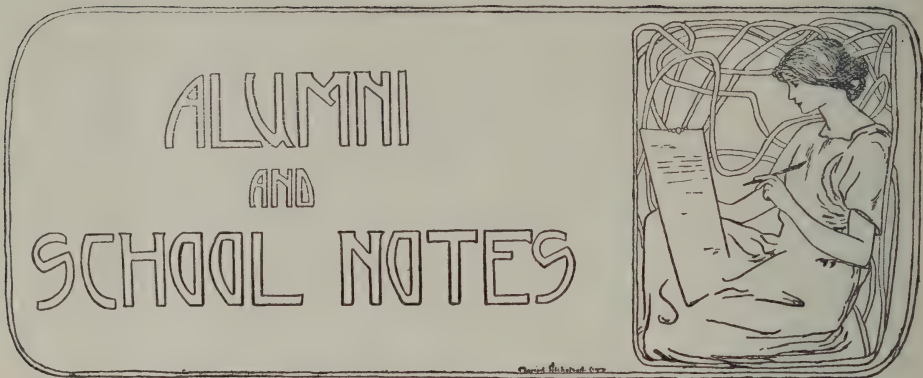
eight we drove into a small village, and Tom said we had just two more miles to go. This was a consolation to me, for I was tired of riding, and was in a hurry to be sitting on a mossy bank with a steel rod in my hand, pulling in fish by hundreds, enjoying myself immensely. I had never been on a fishing trip before; so I could know the pleasures of one only by imagination. We at last arrived at the brook we were looking for. It did not take us long to unhitch the horse and tie him to a tree, and hold out our poles over a pool in the brook and wait for the fish to bite. Trout fishing, I found, was not all it was cracked up to be. I wandered by myself up the brook, scratching my arms and face, and getting my clothes torn. I slipped from a slimy rock and fell headlong into the pool, frightening all the fish in the brook. My fish line became tangled in the branches of a tree overhead, and after saying the Ten Commandments and the twenty-third Psalm over backwards, I regained my temper sufficiently to untangle my line without breaking my rod or cutting down the tree.

My empty stomach directed me to the buggy with "the grub" in it, a buggy which we might at that time have called the lunch cart. There I met the boys, all as hungry as I, and we had a jolly meal together. About half past one in the afternoon we started fishing again, and in the evening we had a fine mess of trout for our supper. Then we built a fire and sat around it, telling our experiences, and once in a while a spontaneous laugh would escape us all at once, and would echo back from some neighboring mountain with a very humorous sound.

We were all lying down side by side in our blankets when it began to thunder and lighten. Soon the rain began to fall, making a spattering sound on the trees, wetting our warm faces, and making us feel very uncomfortable. We pulled the buggy over and made our beds under it, thus sheltering ourselves a little from the rain. Still, however, small streams of water were bound to run in among us, making us look like drowned rats, and feel as mad as wet hens. We got up and wrapped ourselves in the blankets and just stuck around and grinned and bore it until morning. The rain did not let up even then, when it knew it had got the best of us, but just kept on soaking us through and through. We began to feel sore and discouraged, and decided to start for home. We had a fierce job of it, traveling over muddy roads, and getting still wetter, if that were possible, from the drippings of overhanging branches. We landed in the city about noon, and we felt about as funny as we looked. We were mighty hungry when we arrived, for the lunch in the buggy had got soaked and could not be recognized as lunch. By the time we got our clothes changed, and were feeling like ourselves again, the rain had ceased. We divided up the fish, each fellow getting about thirty.

That evening at the supper table, my trout, those innocent trout, were lying all fried and hot in a dish. They looked good, they smelled good, and, believe me, they tasted good; but I think I would just as soon buy thirty smelts as go through that damp experience again to get them. Smelt which you may buy comfortably at the market are twice as good as trout you get by getting yourself at the same time scratched up and tired and wet, oftentimes losing your temper into the bargain, and not finding it until after a hard struggle.

JOHN B. ARMSTRONG, '12.



On April 15 Professor Coombs, of Worcester Tech., gave the pupils a most excellent talk, which was illustrated by stereopticon pictures. Professor Coombs has taught at Worcester Tech. for many years and is head of the English Department. His talk was well appreciated by the student body.

Mr. L., '12 (translating): *Ad caelum ardentia lumina.* "Holding her flaming eyes to the skies."

The Senior play was given in the Assembly Hall on May 10 and was a great success, both financially and as a social event of the year. The profits, which amounted to about \$145, are to be used for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The play was under the direction of Miss Bearce, to whom a great deal of credit is due for the success. The play was entitled "The Time of His Life," and the cast was as follows:

Mr. Bob Grey,	Harry Howe
Mrs. Bob Grey,	Mildred Safford
Tom Carter,	Mrs. Grey's brother,
	Hermon Safford
Mrs. Peter Wycombe, a personage,	
	Helen Richardson
Mr. Peter Wycombe, a pessimist with	
a digestion,	Lloyd Jobes
Dorothy Landon, secretly engaged to	
Tom Carter,	Esther Mayo

Mr. James Landon, Sr., Dorothy's father; of a peppery disposition,
 Frank Cook
 Uncle Tom, an old colored butler from
 the South, Herbert Green
 Officer Hogan, of the Twenty-second
 Street Police Station, George Hill

The Senior Class wishes to thank the pupils for their interest and help.

Miss Richardson (in Senior Latin):
 "I don't know how to make a date
 in Latin."

IN SENIOR FRENCH

Pupil (translating): *Miséricorde! s'ecria le hôte.* "Wretch! cried the hotel."

On April 26th the prize drill for the high school battalion was held at school. Both the companies did well, but Company B came out ahead. The prizes were awarded to George Hill, first; Dwight Edson, second, and Irving Smith, third. The annual military ball was given in the Assembly Hall in the evening and was a great success. The money thus obtained is to be used for a field day. The hall was prettily decorated in red, white, and blue. Major Corkum and Miss Richardson led the grand march, which started at about 8.15. Miss Richardson carried

a most beautiful bouquet of American Beauty roses. At 10.15 there was a short intermission and the dancing continued until 12. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Miss Jackson, Miss Lockey, and Mr. Lamb were chaperons.

English Teacher: "What's the beginning of the next verse?"

Miss Richardson, '12: "Then let us pray."

Hill, '12 (reciting quotation from Milton): "Come sober Nun."

On April 12 the girls' gymnastic exhibition was held in the Assembly Hall. The silver cup was awarded for military tactics and was won by the Junior Class.

We would like to ask *Jobes, '12*, what is the correct pronunciation of consommé.

Arthur Nathaniel Raymond, '06, is a member of the M. A. C. team which has recently won the Intercollegiate Rifle Team Championship of the U.S.

Russell Merriman, '11, has been elected coach of the Clinton High School track team.

Harold Crain, '11, a graduate of Poughkeepsie Business College, has gone to Detroit, Mich., to accept a position in a large automobile factory.

Albert Tenney, '11, has been elected manager of the Fitchburg State Normal School baseball team.

Bona Smith, '11, is bookkeeping at the Blue Ribbon Laundry Co.

Roy Charron, '10, has graduated from the Boston School of Pharmacy.

David Sullivan is training to become a nurse at the Norwich State Hospital, Conn.

Karl Lee, '10, is secretary of the Maine College Conference of the Y. M. C. A.

High School Congress

Two new members were admitted at the seventh meeting of the High School Congress, making a total membership of fifty-three. The extemporaneous speaker for the evening was James Nicholson, who talked on the Mexican situation in a very interesting manner. The motion to drop the matter of public debating with Gardner was carried. The subject of the debate for the evening was: *Resolved*, That the Constitution of the United States be amended to provide for the direct election of United States Senators. The affirmative side was represented by William Jenna and Irving Smith; the negative side by Charles Killelea and Charles Hirst. This was

one of the best subjects we have thus far discussed, and the majority of the House were eager to express their opinions. The affirmative won the argument by a vote of 17 to 3 with 8 blanks.

The subject of the debate at the eighth meeting of the Congress was: *Resolved*, That the vessels of the United States should have free passage through the Panama Canal. Hobart Whitney and Mr. Clarke represented the affirmative side, and Edward Lawless and Mr. Roberts the negative side. At this debate much enthusiasm was shown by the members. The negative side won the argument by a unanimous vote. The extemporaneous speaker for the evening was Ralph Tenney, who discussed the "Progress of the Presidential Campaign." It was voted that all visitors would be welcome if they expressed a desire to be present at any session of the House.

The ninth meeting of the Congress was a special one, all the boys of the school were invited to attend, and a large number were present. Mr. Frank H. Pope, a representative of our district in the State Legislature was present, and he gave a very instructive talk on the government of the country, and other important matters. The extemporaneous speaker of the evening was James Nicholson, who discussed the result of the Massachusetts Primaries. The subject of the debate for the evening was: *Resolved*, That the telegraph lines should be owned and operated by the United States government. The affirmative side was represented by Sherman Platt and Ernest Foley; the negative side by Paul Ryan and William Gaffney. The negative side won the debate by a vote of 16 to 11. The subject of the next debate is: *Resolved*, That the town of Leominster shall adopt a City Charter.

FRANK T. COOK, '12.

The new Suffragette War Cry: NO TAXATION WITHOUT MISS-REPRESENTATION. It may be all right, but it certainly sounds queer.



A man was asked the other day if he didn't think that the Government should control the coal mines, and he said: "Well, I might if I didn't know who controlled the Government."—*Ex.*



An old colored barber is responsible for this gem of wit. When asked if he favored the abolition of capital punishment, he replied, "No, sah, I don't. Capital punishment was good enough fo' ma' fo' fathers, an' I reckon it's good 'nough fo' me."—*Ex.*



A NEAR PROVERB.—The man who likes to hear himself talk always has an appreciative audience.



Mother: "Why, where are you going, Willie?"

Little Willie: "I'm goin' out and spend my pennies. You told me to save them for a rainy day, and it's raining hard."



Pinkerton Critic, (Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.). Your paper is very interesting this month. Your Exchange Column is particularly well conducted.

The Picket, (Shepherdstown, W. Va.). Your paper would be greatly improved if you had a few cuts for your various departments.

The Reflector, (Germantown High School, Pa.). Your Exchange Column is very brief. Why not make a few remarks concerning the various papers received?

The Pioneer, (Reading High School, Reading, Mass.). Your Exchange Column is like many others—too brief. It seems to be a common fault this year to merely name the exchanges received, and then think all duty finished.

Orange and Black, (Marlboro, Mass.). If you devoted more space to your literary department, and less to jokes, your paper would be more interesting.

The Recorder, (Springfield, Mass.). Your April number excels anything you have sent us. Your co-operation with the three high schools of your city has worked admirably.

The Fabberwock, (Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.). Your paper is also very excellent. This number is especially so.

Rayen Record, (Youngstown, Ohio). You are a new comer, but we are not the less glad to see you. We find your paper of splendid quality, and hope to see you again.



Our interest in Athletics is now centred about the baseball team which we believe will have a successful season. We have also added a tennis team to our list of athletic activities, and it seems as though any boy in school has a chance to do something in athletics. Our track team is taking advantage of what fair weather we have by putting in a lot of good hard practice in preparation for the coming Interscholastic meet.

WOR. ENG. HIGH 19

L.H. S. 2

On the Saturday of April 13, Worcester English High came to Leominster and played queer antics around our seemingly bewildered nine; but finally, when the dust was settled by a shower, in the ninth inning the score stood 19 to 2 in favor of the Worcester. Leominster was weak in the box; its infield was erratic, and the outfield lacked experience. This combination enabled Worcester to carry off the victory without much effort.

MILFORD H. S. 10

L. H. S. 2

On April 20, Leominster sent its team to Milford and was defeated by a score of 10 to 2. Milford played good baseball, and this coupled with Leominster's errors, enabled Milford to win by a safe margin.

SHIRLEY INDUSTRIAL 9

L. H. S. 10

Realizing that they had many weak points yet to be conquered, Leominster's team put in a week of good hard practice, the results of which were very favorable indeed. The Shirley Industrial school team came to Leominster on April 24, and were defeated in a strongly contested battle.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE 5

L. H. S. 7

On May 4, Leominster's team went to Worcester and won a fast and interesting game against a heretofore unknown team. Encouraged by their previous victory, the boys played better ball. Young pitched a very good game.

GARDNER H. S. 1

L. H. S. 5

Having struck their winning stride, Leominster was not to be daunted by Gardner, and so with the help of Young who pitched in true veteran style, Leominster made its first step toward the championship by winning its first league game from Gardner on May 11. It was the best played game thus far, and did much toward reviving the hopes of those who distrusted our ability and chances of winning the pennant.

The line up:

LEOMINSTER	GARDNER
Young, p	p, E. Ryan
Garland, c.....	c, Hughes
Rokes, 1 b.....	1 b, Moran
E. Merrick, 2 b.....	2 b, Hudy
Southers, s s.....	s s, Nelson
Deady, 3 b.....	3 b, Smith
Richardson, r f.....	r f, Sargen
Cleary, c f.....	c f, Morse
G. Merrick, l f.....	l f, Sullivan

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EMPLOYMENT. On application from prospective students the Dean will be pleased to assist in securing situations in drug stores, where the students will be allowed the necessary time to attend one or more courses.

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For further information and catalogue write to

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, Ph. G., M. D., Dean.

Leominster High School Directory

School Committee—Harry C. Bascom, Chairman; Dr. Griffith E. Abbot, John C. Hull, John M. Lockey, Dr. Appleton H. Pierce, Frank I. Pierson.

Superintendent of Schools—Thomas E. Thompson.

School Physicians—Dr. Frank L. Dunham, Dr. T. A. Shaughnessy.

Faculty

Principal—Edward R. Clarke, English and History.

Sub-master—Charles B. Lamb, Mathematics.

Secretary—Adell Phillips.

Assistants—Alberti Roberts, Science; Frank P. Bell, Commercial Branches; Geraldine Brooks, English; Alice G. Smith; Commercial Branches; Elizabeth Jackson, French; Frances L. Lockey, Latin; Anna M. Darby, German; Edna F. Cole, Typewriting; Margaret Chard, Drawing; A. Leila Daily, English and History; Ethel A. Thissell, History; Dorothy Cross, Physical Education. Harry W. Le-land, Manual Training; Augusta R. Nettel, Sewing; Marion McVey, Cooking; Tilly V. Hough, Domestic Science; William H. Kenney, Director of Music; James C. Smith, Drill Master; Sibyl Bearce, Elocution. Grade IX.—Annie Conlin, Hattie B. Sherwin, Marea B. Lewis, Alvin Bearse.

Athletic Association

Howard Corkum, President; Arthur Houde, Vice-president; Katherine Burgess, Secretary; Edward R. Clarke, Treasurer. Sidney Harris, Manager of Football. Arthur Houde, Captain of Football. Joseph Sweeney, Manager of Basket-ball. Anna Darby, Teacher, Manager of Girls' Basket-ball. Sidney Bacon, Manager of Track Team; James McKenna, Assistant. Edward Lynch, Manager of Baseball; Lester Horton, Assistant. Herbert Young, Manager and Captain of Hockey Team. Edmund Garland, Captain of Basket-ball. Edward Merrick, Captain of Baseball. Abbie Nicholson, Captain Girls' Basket-ball. Eugene F. Tansey, Baseball Coach. William F. Lane, Track Coach.

Leominster High School Congress

Peter Knapp, Speaker.

Frank Cook, Clerk.

Edward R. Clarke, Sergeant-at-arms.

Orchestra

William H. Kenney, Director; Lloyd Jobes, Pianist; William Jenna, Drums; Rowland Pitts, Chester DeMond, Andrew Guy, Violins. Carl Rogers, Cornet; Aurora Kingman, Irene Atkins, Mandolins.

Class Officers

Senior—President, Hermon Safford; Vice-president, Ruth Tisdale; Secretary, Esther W. Mayo; Treasurer, Mildred Safford; Marshal, Peter Knapp.

Junior—President, Arthur Houde; Vice-president, Abby Nicholson; Secretary, Olga Lawrence; Treasurer, Ethel Pierce.

Sophomore—President, Eugene Deady; Vice-president, Irene Atkins; Secretary, Aurora Kingman; Treasurer, Harold Barrett; Marshal, Hugh Bradley.

Freshman—President, Lincoln Jobes; Vice-president, Erma Carter; Secretary, Ruth Burnap; Treasurer, Philip Foster.

High School Battalion

Major, Howard Corkum.

Adj. Major, Peter Knapp.

Serg. Major, Carl Suhlke.

COMPANY A—Captain, Sidney Bacon; 1st Lieut., Judson Richardson; 2d Lieut., Bernard Cleary; 1st Serg., Edmund Potter; 2d Serg., George Hill; 3d Serg., Harry Howe; 4th Serg., Harold Sawtelle; 5th Serg., Arthur Hill.

COMPANY B—Captain, Hermon Safford; 1st Lieut., William Jenna; 2d Lieut., C. Lloyd Jobes; 1st Serg., John Armstrong; 2d Serg., Edward Lawless; 3d Serg., Irving Smith; 4th Serg., Herbert Greene; 5th Serg., Frank Cook.

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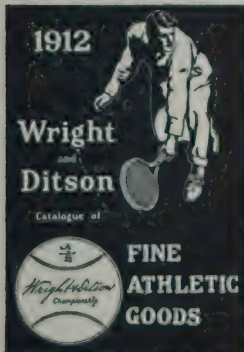
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CLASS OF 1912

THE MAGNET

Vol. V.

LEOMINSTER, MASS., JUNE, 1912.

No. 8

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Jokes' Editor, C. LLOYD JOBES, '12.

School Notes' Editor, ESTHER W. MAYO, '12.

Alumni Notes' Editor, ARTHUR HOUDE, '13.

Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.

Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.

Salutatory

IT is my pleasant duty to extend to you all, from the Class of 1912, a most hearty welcome to our graduation exercises. We realize that it is your affection and your deep interest in our welfare that have brought you here tonight. However uneventful this occasion may seem to others, for us it marks the completion of years of school work and is an important milestone in our journey of life.

At this time it is fitting to express our gratitude to our principal, who has made our senior year so pleasant and so profitable. His kindness and consideration will ever be remembered. To our other teachers, who have patiently guided us through our school days, we owe a debt which we hope partly to repay by our success in after years. Now we can only express our gratitude and appreciation for their efforts.

We also feel that we owe much to our superintendent and school committee for their wise and efficient management of our school affairs. Their task, we know, has not been easy. Often their motives have been misconstrued and their efforts unappreciated; but they have not faltered in their labors for the public good.

A special welcome we wish to extend to the parents whose self-denial has enabled us to take this high school course. We as a class realize this sacrifice and deeply appreciate it. To them the greatest share of our grati-

tude is due. Their supreme endeavor has been to fit us for our future life-work, and tonight marks the fulfilment of their hopes.

Last but not least is our welcome to the undergraduates. With what pleasure do we recall our daily meetings here and our united endeavors to sustain the good name of our school. We hope that tonight any disagreements which have arisen from class feeling may be forgotten in your love for the school as a whole.

As we graduate tonight we are thinking, quite naturally, of the many benefits of our school course. Some of these it is my pleasure to speak of now. We believe our four years of study in this high school has given us a broader and better foundation for our future life-work. No doubt much of our knowledge of the sciences and languages will soon be forgotten. The conjugation of French verbs, the proof of geometrical theorems, the solution of quadratic equations will cease to interest us; but the mental power created by these studies, the power to perceive clearly, to reason accurately, and to decide wisely will remain.

Our four years' drill in English composition will prove most valuable to us all, for the ability to express thoughts clearly, concisely, and in good English is a gift to be most highly prized. Here also we have acquired a taste for the best in literature, and, as "the true university of these days is a collection of books," we may all continue our studies in this great university, even though circumstances may prevent a course in some college or technical school.

Moreover, will not the friendships formed here prove most valuable also? It has been well said, "Friendship is one of the largest factors of success not only in the social world, but also in the commercial and political worlds. It was Lincoln's immeasurable capacity for friendship that made his splendid career possible." True friends are among the most valuable assets of happiness. When a friendship has been tried and found true, then we should do our utmost to make ourselves worthy of it.

It is here that we have strengthened our powers of application and learned the necessity of thoroughness in our work. A friend once called on Michael Angelo when he was finishing a statue. Some time afterward he called again. The sculptor was still at work on the same statue. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I saw you last?"

"By no means," replied the sculptor. "I have retouched and polished that; I have softened the features and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend, "all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Michael Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection and that perfection is no trifle."

No faithful student can graduate from this high school without loftier ideals than those he had when he entered it as a Freshman. The old proverb teaches us, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." A like disaster follows in the character which has no high ideals. As Carlyle tells us,

even a genius like Burns never attained moral manhood because he had no fixed aim. Always in the artist's mind there lurks a shadowy ideal conception of his picture, though the idea in full may need working out as the picture proceeds. Among the many ideals which we may cherish as we go forth, let us carry with us that noblest of ideals, the one of true manhood and true womanhood.

ESTHER W. MAYO, '12.

New Political Ideals

IN these days political matters are being forced upon the attention of people whether they like it or not. Formerly men paid little or no attention to the party caucuses, feeling that the slate of candidates had been determined beforehand; but now, with the introduction of the popular primaries, voters are led by the public press and by the work of active campaigners to go to the polls and vote on their party nomination. Mainly on account of this coercion on the part of the press and of the campaigners, the people of the present day are manifesting increased interest in the political issues, especially in several important features which are now arising in the political world.

This enthusiasm has been extended even as far as the Leominster High School, where a good deal of interest has been displayed in a High School Congress patterned after the National House of Representatives. Each member has been assigned to a particular State, and several house committees have been formed. Our Congress, however, has just made a beginning, and it is hoped that next year an even firmer foundation will be established for this excellent method of debating the issues of the time.

An important one of the features before mentioned is the Referendum. This term is applied to the practice of submitting laws to the popular vote for approval or for rejection. The law must first be formulated by the legislative body, and then must be submitted to the popular vote. The logical complement of the Referendum is the Initiative, by means of which the people are enabled to draw up their own measures and have them voted on without the intervention of the Legislature. For example, the constitution of Oregon provides that any legislative measure may be initiated by a petition bearing the signatures of eight per cent. of the voters, and containing the proposed measure in full. The petition must be filed with the Secretary of State at least four months before election day; and if approved by a majority of all those voting upon it at the election, the measure becomes a law. The Referendum and the Initiative in some form have already been

adopted by nine Commonwealths, including Oregon, South Dakota, Idaho, Delaware, Missouri, Montana, Utah, Maine and Oklahoma; and undoubtedly before long we will see all the States adopting these measures. The Referendum originated in Switzerland in the year 1874. In about one-half of the cantons it is "optional" or "facultative,"—that is, the laws are submitted only by a petition of ten per cent. of the popular vote. In this respect the form of Referendum adopted in the United States is very similar to that of Switzerland.

By no means less important than the Referendum and Initiative is the proposed method of the election of the United States Senators. The Constitution of the country provides that the election of Senators shall be vested in the legislatures of their respective States. It was believed by the framers of the Constitution that the election of the Senators by the State legislatures would form a valuable link between the State and the Federal governments; and also that indirect election would be more likely to lead to the choice of distinguished men than would a direct vote of the people. In practice, however, the plan is open to serious criticism. It is urged that it makes greater the strife between the political parties in the field of State politics, for each party exerts unusual efforts to secure a majority in the legislature which elects a Senator. Hence State interests and policies are placed in a lower rank than party politics. Moreover, after a long and bitter contest, it sometimes happens that no candidate can attain a majority, and a "deadlock" occurs; meanwhile the State is without its proper representation in Senate, and consequently the State interests suffer materially.

To avoid these objections, direct election of Senators by popular vote has frequently been proposed, a change which involves the necessity of amending the Constitution. To amend the Constitution of the United States, however, is a very grave matter, and should be considered very seriously before such an attempt is made. It is now forty-two years since the Constitution was amended, and even then it was only very serious matters pertaining to the Civil War that brought about an amendment. There are two methods by which amendments may be proposed: first, by a vote of two-thirds of each House of Congress; or second, by a convention called by Congress on application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the States. Amendments proposed by either method must be ratified by three-fourths of the States.

The House of Representatives has repeatedly passed resolutions to amend the Constitution in this respect, but such proposals have generally received but slight consideration by the Senate. Public opinion, therefore, it seems, is that the Constitution as formulated by our forefathers should not be altered except under the most urgent conditions.

Another feature which should not be overlooked is the Recall. This term formerly applied only to the mayors of cities, the citizens having the right of recalling their mayor when he had completed half his term of office. It now also applies to the practice of the Recall of judicial officers who do not give satisfaction in their decisions.

In conclusion, it seems most necessary that in face of these new theories and conditions in political life that have arisen, each voter should earnestly endeavor to acquaint himself with these changes so that he may think and vote intelligently.

EDWARD A. LYNCH, '12.

Presentation of Class Gift

THE graduating class of 1912 has been especially fortunate in being able to enrich the school with two beautiful gifts. The class play was given for the benefit of the Athletic Association by a vote of the class, and by this means added over one hundred dollars to the coffers of the association. Now, on leaving the school, the class has chosen what they consider a very ornamental and useful gift to stand as a memorial of the class and a token of appreciation for what the four profitable years we have spent here have done for us. We hope that the sun dial chosen as a gift will add greatly to the beauty of the school grounds, and at the same time be of some practical use. The grass plot in front of the school has long been in need of an appropriate monument, and the class of nineteen hundred twelve has appreciated this need. It is with very great pleasure that I present to the school, in behalf of the senior class, this token of their love and esteem.

HERMON F. SAFFORD, '12.

Acceptance of Class Gift

MR. SAFFORD AND MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS—In behalf of the school, I wish to thank you for this beautiful sun dial; a gift that shows not only your love and devotion for our school, but which expresses that devotion in an unusual and beautiful way.

And as the sun dial would be useless without its shadow, we hope that you will find the difficulties of your high school days, and those to come only a help toward making you of benefit to the world.

Again, in behalf of the school, I wish to thank you for your generous gift, and the inspiration it will mean to us.

ARTHUR HOUE, '13.

Class History

FOUR years ago, in the year 1908, we, the class of 1912, entered this school to exact what knowledge we might be able to obtain from it.

We first came into the school under the leadership of our former principal, Mr. Hull. We gathered in the Assembly Hall here, where we were assigned to our different rooms for the coming year.

During our Freshman year we spent many a long time in class meetings trying to decide what our class colors should be, and finally decided on orange and black, colors that don't run. We also had to elect our class officers.

In the Freshman year the boys had Mr. Robinson for a physical training teacher, and under his efficient guidance the class won the cup for gymnasium work.

But the first year soon passed by and we became the Sophomore class and were raised from the undignified position of Freshmen to the rather more dignified position of the Sophomore. But that year the boys were not so skilled in the art of physical exercise, for we had to bow down to the Juniors, who took the cup that we had won the year before. However, the class did not consist only of boys, but it had some girls also who did succeed in upholding the honor of the class by capturing the girls' cup for physical drill. The Sophomore class also won the cup for basket-ball championship that year.

During the year of 1910, when we were Sophomores, we helped to celebrate Leominster High School's most successful football season that it has ever seen. That year Leominster's team won the championship, for it won every game that it played, including games with some very strong high school teams.

Next we pass into the position of upper-classmen by becoming the Junior class. During the Junior year the class gave a dance in the drill hall of this building which proved to be a great success.

During the Junior year several members of the Junior class participated in a trip to Washington under the guidance of Mr. Hull, who organized the party.

We soon passed into the glorious and dignified position of Seniors under our new principal, Mr. Clarke, where we enjoyed looking down on the under-classmen, instead of being looked down upon by the upper-classmen, as in former years. The first thing done, as usual, was to choose class officers, and then we got down to the regular routine of studies. Some we find in the French classes reading French novels; others are in the Latin classes perusing the wanderings of Aeneas and learning how the fair Dido's love was unrequited by the devoted Aeneas.

But there are other things which happened in the Senior class besides the preparation of lessons. In the winter, the class gave a dance which was

well patronized, and which proved quite a success. Then a little later on in the year the class held a sleighride on which the participants had a good time. In the spring the class gave the play, "The Time of His Life," which proved a great success, and which brought out a huge crowd of enthusiasts.

There was also formed in the high school a Congress, modeled after the National House of Congress, and in which several Seniors held office.

Leominster not only puts on the field good football teams, but it also has a good baseball team this spring, which has had a successful season; and of course it ought to have a successful season, for are there not six Seniors on the team?

Another event which entered our school life in the Senior year was a German play given by some of the members of the German department, which was an entirely new thing to be tried in the school, and which proved a genuine novelty.

And now we come to the crowning event of our life in Leominster High School, our graduation, and by our long toiling during our four years, we have learned how true are the words of our motto, "*Scientia est potentia.*"

WILLIAM W. JENNA, '12.

Class Prophecy

HAVING looked up the word "prophecy" in the dictionary, I found the meaning to be, "A prediction of something to take place in the future, especially a prediction by Divine inspiration," so, looking about for that "Divine inspiration," I discovered it in close proximity in the shape of the class of 1912,—studious, well behaved, respected and successful. Thus equipped with inspiration, I looked forward about ten years to 1922, and imagining myself in one of the perfected auto flyers traveling rapidly over hill and dale, I saw Carl Suhlke, our former football star, and all-around athlete, keeping in trim by playing parlor ping-pong in one of our palatial residences. I was then carried over the common and was dazed when I saw Helen Richardson hotly delivering an equal suffrage speech from a soap box, while ardent supporters in the persons of Eleanor McGuire and Beryl Bartlett distributed pins and sharp lectures to the poor men who listened; after an age a policeman (?) in whom I recognized Jack Watson, came along and timidly requested the militant suffragettes to move along, while poor Jack's knees trembled.

Passing into Hosmer's, I picked up a book casually, and as its title was "Science Explained Clearly," I opened it and found on the title page, "Peter Richard Knapp, M. A.," inscribed as the author. This gave me no great astonishment until the table of contents gave a chapter on the "Sub-

stance and Nature of Electricity," and many mysteries of science were cleared up satisfactorily. I saw at once that Peter's niche was already secure in the Hall of Fame.

My machine then took me westward, and while passing over Townsend, I saw an officer resplendent in brass buttons and helmet, parading up the principal street. On turning I immediately recognized George Hill, who had been newly appointed as Police Commissioner of Townsend. Loretta Leonard was teaching in the Townsend High School. It was now getting dark, and seeing an inn, I stopped, and behind the counter in the office I saw Frank Cook as clerk. I had quite a chat with him, and he told me that Ted Lawless had charge of the hot water tanks and dish washing in the kitchen.

In the morning I went to the town of Gardner, where I saw a sign reading "Ye House of Harry P. Howe". It was a neat appearing candy shop, and passing inside I inquired of Olivia, the pleasant clerk, if Harry was in. Receiving an affirmative answer I went back where Deac. was turning out pans and pans of elegant fudge, fit for a queen.

Later in the day I went to Boston and saw "Jud" Richardson, the invincible ball tosser, pitch a no hit, no run game, for the Red Sox, against such players as Ted Merrick and Souther, they having learned how it is done at L. H. S. Charlie Hirst lived up to his nickname by selling peanuts in the bleachers.

While coming back to my hotel I met Mary Julian leading a real modest and cute young man, who I was told is a real Count, and Mary is now a leader of the smart element in society, having given up her stage career.

In the evening Lloyd Jobs was billed to appear at B. F. Keith's house, and I saw him bring a crowded house to their feet by his more than clever act.

I found out that Edmund Potter, who was the model of Room 16 last year, had become a model in Lubin's Cash or Credit Clothing store.

I now purchased a daily, and I was not surprised very much when I read of Katherine Cutter's marriage to a rich banker.

Ruth Tisdale was dean of Vassar College, and still exhorts her students to set the standard high and carry it manfully forward.

Mildred Goss is in Boston, too busy to be seen, for she is rapidly equaling Burns as a national songster, and writes rare poems, which all adds to the credit of L. H. S.

Barnum and Bailey's circus had an ad. in this same paper in which I saw this phrase: "Don't Fail to See the Only Siamese Twins in Existence." I didn't fail to see them, but the shock was great, for they were "Bill" Jenna and Irving Smith.

As I rode along a street in the South End I was astonished for a moment at seeing Eleanor Potter beating the bass drum in the Salvation Army Corps, but my surprise ceased when I recollected that Eleanor frequently stayed ten minutes after school in Room 16 for making a noise.

I next journeyed by air to Washington, and a polite citizen directed me

to the largest publishing house there, and at a desk I observed John Byron Armstrong writing nature stories for magazines which bid fair to eclipse those by Ernest Thompson Seton.

An expert stenographer, in the person of Mary Muldoon, was employed at this office, and she told me that she was more than happy in her position.

At Buffalo I stopped to see Ringling's Circus, as it has a great attraction for me, and in the arena I recognized in a clever and comical clown the familiar face and golden locks of Francis Donnelly. He had not forgotten his training in military drill.

In the side show of the same circus Julia Foss was supposed to swallow swords and Mildred Pierce was the tall lady, perched on stilts to gain the needed height. They were both glad to see me and informed me that they had "Mrs." as a prefix to their names.

Wesley Haynes recently won a Marathon race against formidable competitors, among whom were Tom Longboat and Harold Sawtelle, thereby winning a place on the 1924 Olympic team.

Howard Corkum, erstwhile vigorous and spirited, has been converted to a very sedate and composed minister of religion, and he does not catch on cars while moving or believe in football or war. It was a severe shock to discover Howard in this condition, but I decided to attend service in spite of it. While being seated I recognized Mary Alice Prevo in the congregation, surrounded by nine noisy children. She has become a charming governess and nurse.

Esther Mayo and Mildred Safford were getting ready for extensive traveling, having exhausted the pleasures and scenes of this country, and Mildred was planning to finish her training as a singer while in Europe.

They told me that Clara Paton was designing all of the new fashions and creations in Paris, while she also had many household duties to attend to.

While traveling over the prairie I saw a poor, haggard looking fellow wearily hitting the trail. It was Bernard Cleary, who looked as if the small hours of the morning had called him, and on giving him a lift he informed me that he was to teach school in the neighboring village and that Clifford Kelley had a general store in the same town.

Arrived at Los Angeles, I decided to stay in the suburbs, and as I passed a little block I heard familiar voices, and, sure enough, there were Katherine Burgess and Lillian Leonard running a dressmaking establishment.

Sidney Bacon is at California Aggie, teaching boys how to milk cows and plant corn and alfalfa by geometry.

John Leheney, he told me, is solving the fourth dimension at the same place, and on seeing John I saw an exceptionally abnormal bump just above his temple on the right hand side.

Gladys Rowley and Florence Stratton are Red Cross nurses, and are doing wonderfully well, while Ethel Munroe is with them, employed as a bookkeeper in the same organization.

Traveling eastward again, I stopped at St. Louis, where the renowned lawyer and organizer, Hermon Safford, was working on the problem of grafters in St. Louis. Manola Phillips is doing charity work as a deaconess. Howard Roukes is the head of a large beef concern, and is still much interested in baseball.

Arriving finally near home, I stopped at West Leominster, here Ed. Lynch has a fine drug store where he sells postage stamps and coca cola.

From there I gave Bertha Lundigen a ride, and she told me that she was coach of the girls' basket-ball team at No. 6, and she said her team whitewashed the boys, which statement was not to be doubted. She told me, also, that Annie Coburn was stopping at Boston to become private secretary for a lawyer.

I wondered why some one had not waked me up before, but I soon found the reason. Marguerite Lynch was the only one in Room 16, and she does not speak loud enough to wake up her classmates.

WILLIAM HERBERT GREEN, '12.

Knowledge is Power

Valedictory Essay

THE Class of 1912 has chosen for its motto, "*Scientia est Potentia*,"—Knowledge is Power, for we believe each day we live we learn something new that sheds a brighter ray of light on the uncertain road over which we are passing. It is not only from books that we learn, but all Nature, as well, teaches us her lesson. "For under every invention is still the dream of Beowulf, that men may overcome the forces of nature; and the foundation of all our sciences and discoveries is the immortal dream that men 'shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.'"

From all our studies we learn better how to solve the problems occurring in our daily lives, how to take advantage of our opportunities. What we read in books helps to confirm our own half-formed opinions. How pleased we are, in reading the works of a favorite author, to find he has fashioned in beautiful language a thought which we had once imagined. It is assuring and convincing to know that some one else has shared with us our views.

To appreciate what books mean to us, what an inspiration and encouragement they are to us from day to day, it may perhaps be interesting to trace the evolution of the book. For side by side with the progress of the race goes the progress of the book. In the beginning truths and stories of conflicts and heroes were handed down from mouth to mouth. After the hunt or battle was over and the day had drawn to a close, the warriors would gather around the open fire to listen to the songs of the Scop or

Gleeman, men who knew best how to express the noble deeds and emotions of the people. Into the happenings and experiences of their existence they wove the thread of imagination, transforming through their genius the facts of life into truth and beauty.

At a later period came the hieroglyphics of Egypt—figures of familiar objects standing for a single sound, syllable, or word. These were intended for a mode of written communication, and the ancient Egyptians inscribed their annals upon the walls of their edifices, upon columns, and in the dark recesses of their excavated tombs. Here were found the records of their creeds, exploits, manners, and customs.

Turning to our own continent in its primitive stage, we find the picture writing of the North American Indians—their use of pictures as a means of recording traditions and achievements and of expressing their ideas and beliefs. Longfellow in his poem has imagined Hiawatha as the inventor of this picture writing: while Hiawatha is walking in the forest pondering on the welfare of his people, he suddenly realizes that he must find a way to keep a record of their noble deeds and the words of their wise men, in order that future generations may profit by the wisdom of their forefathers, and so it was—

From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of many colors,
On the smooth bark of the birch tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some thought or word suggested,

Meanwhile, over in England, the literary monks were producing their wonderfully decorated manuscripts. They comprised the Northumbrian School with its center in monasteries and abbeys. Here the scribes labored weeks at a time on exquisite initial letters and elaborately painted miniatures. The first history of England was written at this period by The Venerable Bede, who gleaned his knowledge from the archives of Rome and added to this the testimony of abbots who were acquainted with the events and traditions of their monasteries.

The manuscript books naturally led to the invention of printing, which arose from the desire to dispose of the more laborious method of hand writing. Gutenberg, of Mainz, Germany, is accredited with the invention, in 1456. Then about 1479 William Caxton brought the first printing press to England from Flanders, making it possible at last for a book or idea to reach a whole nation. Many improvements in the art of printing have since been made, but the theory has remained the same. However, as books collect it will only be a question of the survival of the fittest, since every book is not accepted as literature.

Finally, we may truly say of books: "Never intrusive, always helpful, stimulating, or entertaining, they bring the ends of the earth together."

The Class of 1912 during the past four years has been subjected to a

process of evolution similar to that of the book. Our understanding has been broadened so that we can more fully appreciate the patience and forbearance of those who have so faithfully guided our early development. The loving memory of our pleasant associations here will have a lasting influence on our later lives. In departing, we wish to thank our teachers and principal for their sympathy and inspiration, which will follow us still with a radiant light when we are no longer numbered among the students of the High School.

RUTH M. TISDALE, '12.

Class Song

Tune: "The Bluebird's Story."

Backward o'er the past we're looking;
Forward, too, with eager gaze.
Stand we here tonight, dear classmates,
At the parting of the ways.
Earnest thoughts our hearts are filling.
Memories of work and play,
Mingle now with shades of sadness
On our Graduation Day.

Let us not stand idly dreaming
Of still greater things to do;
But go forward, bravely striving,
With a higher aim in view.
Our motto, "Knowledge is Power,"
Midst "Orange and Black" we see;
So in life's broad fields of science
We will labor zealously.

Fare-you-well, most faithful teachers,
May you meet with true success.
Many lips are now repeating
Fare-you-well to L. H. S.
Fare-you-well, our school companions,
Bound by friendship's golden chain,
We'll hold all in kind remembrance
Though we come not back again.

MILDRED GOSS, '12.



TRACK TEAM, 1912.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

LEOMINSTER HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATING EXERCISES

OF THE
CLASS OF 1912
HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY HALL
TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 25, 1912
EIGHT O'CLOCK

CLASS OFFICERS

President, Hermon Safford; Vice-president, Ruth Tisdale; Secretary, Esther W. Mayo; Treasurer, Mildred Safford; Marshal, Peter Knapp.

Class Colors: Orange and Black.

Motto: Scientia est Potentia

PROGRAM

PRAYER

REV. GEORGE R. BAKER

CHORUS, "The Lake."

Franz Abt

SALUTATORY

ESTHER WILDER MAYO

ORATION, "New Political Ideals."

EDWARD AUGUSTINE LYNCH

SONG, "Spring Has Come,"

Maud White

MILDRED SAFFORD

READING, "The Legend of Bregenz."

Adelaide Proctor

BERYL INEZ BARTLETT

CHORUS, "Barcarolle" (Tales of Hoffman)

Offenbach

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT

HERMON FRENCH SAFFORD

ACCEPTANCE

ARTHUR JOSEPH HOUDE, 1913.

CLASS HISTORY

WILLIAM WALLACE JENNA

CHORUS, "The Two Grenadiers."

*Schumann
Arranged by Frederic Bullard*

CLASS PROPHECY

WILLIAM HERBERT GREEN

VALEDICTORY ESSAY, "Knowledge is Power."

RUTH MADELINE TISDALE

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

MR. H. C. BASCOM

AWARD OF MAYO AND NIXON PRIZES

Principal E. R. CLARKE

CLASS SONG

BENEDICTION

Graduates

John Byron Armstrong	Alberta Mary Lundagen
Sidney Ivan Bacon	*Edward Augustine Lynch
*Beryl Inez Bartlett	Marguerite Lynch
Olivia Lyndith Brown	*Esther Wilder Mayo
*Katherine Elizabeth Burgess	Eleanor Elizabeth McGuire
Bernard Leonard Cleary	Edward James Merrick
Annie Catherine Coburn	Ethel Jane Monroe
Frank Thomas Cook	Mary Elizabeth Muldoon
Howard David Corkum	Clara Lake Paton
Katharine Cutter	Manola Rebecca Phillips
Francis Augustine Donnelly	Mildred Anna Pierce
Julia Gertrude Foss	Edmund Felton Potter
*Mildred Goss	Eleanor Potter
William Herbert Green	Mary Alice Prevo
Stephen Wesley Haynes	*Helen Cleveland Richardson
George F. Hill	Judson Cromwell Richardson
Charles Webster Hirst	Howard Christopher Roukes
Harry Porter Howe	Gladys Lillian Rowley
William Wallace Jenna	Hermon French Safford
Charles Lloyd Jobes	*Mildred Safford
Claudia Lillian Julian	Harold Varnum Sawtelle
Clifford Earland Kelly	Irving Gordon Smith
Peter Richard Knapp	Clifton Howard Souther
Edward Russell Lawless	*Florence Jane Stratton
John Henry Leheney	Carl Edward Suhlke
Lillian Susan Leonard	*Ruth Madeline Tisdale
*Annie Loretta Leonard	John Roy Watson

**Class Honors*

Board of Editors for 1912-'13

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For further information and catalogue write to

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